

# GREENES

## Neuer too Late.

BOTH PARTS.

Sent to all youthfull G E N T L E M E N,  
desciphering in a true English Historie, those  
particular vanities, that with their Frostie va-  
pours, nip the blossomes of euery braine,  
from attaining to his intended  
perfection.

As pleasant as profitable, being a right Pumice stone,  
~~apt to race out idleness with delight, and~~  
folly with admonition.

By ROBERT GREENE, In artibus  
Magister.

*Omne tulit punctum.*



L O N D O N

Printed for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint  
Dunstanes Churchyard in Fleetstreete vnder the

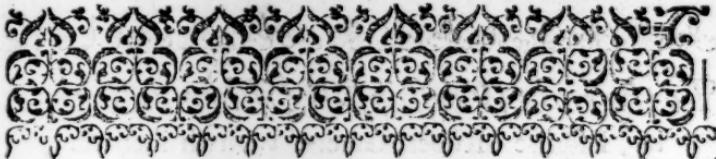


To the right Worshipfull, Thomas Barnaby, Esquire : Robert Greene wisheth increase  
of all honorable vertues.

Veh (right Worshipfull) as coueted to decke the Temple of *Delphos*, adorned the shrine eyther with greene bayes, or curios instruments, because *Apollo* did as well patronize Musick, as Poetry. When the *Troians* sought to pacifie the wrath of *Pallas*, the peoples presents were Bookes and Launces, to signifie her Deince, as well defended by letters as armes. And they which desired to be in the fauour of *Alexander*, brought him either wise Philosophers, or hardie Souldiers; for he sought Counsellors like *Aristotle*, and Captaines like *Perdiccas*. Seeing then how gifts are the more gratefully accepted, by how much the more they fit the humor of the partie ; to gratifie your Worship with somthing that might signifie, how in all bounden dutie I haue for sundry fauours beene affected to your Worship; and finding my abilite to be vnfitt to present you with any thing of worth, at last I resolued so farre to presume, as to trouble your Worship with the patroneage of this Pamphlet, knowing you are such a *Mecenas* of learning, that you will as soone vouch with *Augustus* a few verles, giuen by a poore Greekke, as of the Arabian Courser, presented by *Titinius*. The Booke is little, yet drawne from a large principle : *Nunquam sera est ad bozos mores via*. Wherein I haue discouered so artificially the fraudulent effects of *Venus* trumperies, and so plainly, as in a plat-forme, laid open the prejudiciale plasures of loue, that Gentlemen may see, that as the Diamond is beatourous to the sight, and yet deadly poyson to the stomack; that as the Bacan leafe containeth both the Antidote, and the Aconiton, so loue (vnlesle onely grounded vpon vertue) breedeth more dispatagement to the credit, than content to the fancie. If then (right Worshipfull) out of this confused Chaos, Gentlemen shall gather any principles, whereby to direct their actions, and that from rash resolute maintainers of *Venus* heresies, they become reformed Champions to defend *Vestas* Philosophies ; then all the profit and pleasure that shall redound to them by this Pamphlet, shall be attributed to your Worship, as to the man, by whose meanes this *Nunquam sera* came to light. Hoping therefore, your Worship will with a fauourable insight, enter more into the mnde of the gauer, then the worth of the gift, I commit your Worship vnto the Almighty.

Your Worships humbly  
to command.

*Rob. Greene.*



## To the Gentlemen Readers.

Vch (Gentlemen) as had their eares fild with the har-  
monie of *Orpheus* harpe , could not abide the harsh  
musicke of *Hiparchions* pipe,yet the *Theffalians* would  
allowe the poore Fidler licence to frolicker it among  
Sheapheardes . Though no pictures would go for currant with *Ale-  
xander*,but such as past through *Apelles* pensil , yet poore men had  
their houses shadowed with *Phidias* course colours. *Ennius* was  
called a Poet as well as *Virgil*,and *Vulcane* with his polt foote friskt  
with *Venus* as well as *Mars*.

Gentlemen, if I presume to present you,as hitherto I haue done,  
with friuolous toyes;yet for that I stretch my strings as I can, if you  
praise me not with *Orpheus*,hissle me not out with *Hiparchion*: If I  
paint not with *Apelles*, yet scrape not out my shadowes with dis-  
grace:if I stirre my stumps with *Vulcan*, though it bee lame-  
ly done yet it is a dance : so, if my *Nunquam sera* please  
not,yet I pray you passe it ouer with patience, and  
say,tis a booke. So hoping I shal find you as  
euer I haue done, I end,

*Rob. Greene.*



A Madrigall to wanton Louers.

**Y**OV that by *Alcidalions* siluer brookes,  
Sit and sigh out the passions of your loues,  
That on your Goddesse beauties feed your lookees,  
And pamper vp sweet *Venus* wanton dousies,  
That seeke to sit by *Cupids* searching fire,  
And dallie in the fountaine of desire:

You that account no heauen like *Venus* sphere,  
That thinke each dimple in your Mistreſſe chin  
Earths Paradice, that deeme her golden haire,  
Trefles of blifle wherein to wander in:

That sigh and court ſuppliant, all to proue  
*Cupid* is God, and ther's no heauen but loue:

**C**ome ſee the worke that *Greene* hath ſilie wrought,  
Take but his *Nunquam sera* in your view,  
As in a mirrour there is deeply taught,  
The wanton vices of proud fancies crew:

There is depainted by moſt curiuous art,  
How loue and folly iump in euery part.

There may you ſee repenteſce all in blacke,  
Scourging the froward paſſions of fond youth,  
How fading pleaſures end in diſmall wracke,  
How Louers ioyes are tempreſed all with ruth.

Sith then his *Nunquam sera* yeeldes ſuch gaines,  
Reade it, and thanke the Author for his paines.

Ralph Sidney.

Septe



Sape etiam hortulanus vir valde opportuna locutus est.

If Horace Satyres merit mickle praise,  
For taunting such as liu'd in *Paphes* Ile,  
If wise *Propertius* was in elder daies,  
Laureat for figuring out fond *Venus* wile:  
If *Rome* applauded *Ouid*s pleasing verse,  
That did the salues that medicine loue reherse:

Then English Gentles stoope and gather bayes,  
Make Coronets of *Florae* prowdest flowers,  
As gifts for *Greene*; for he muſt haue the praise,  
And taſt the dewes that high *Parnassus* showers,  
As hauing leapt beyond old *Horace* straine,  
In taunting Louers for their fruitleſſe paine,

His *Nunquam* ſera more conceits combines,  
Then *Ouid* in his arte did paint,  
And sharper Satyres are within his lines,  
Then *Martial* ſung proud *Venus* to attaint:  
Reade then his art, and all his actions proue,  
There is no folly like to foolish loue.

*Rich: Hake Gent.*



## Greenes Nunquam sera est.

**B**eing resident in Bergamo , not farre distant from, Venice, sitting vnder a coole shade that then shrowded me from the extreme violence of the meridional heate, having never a booke in my hand to beguile time, nor no pathetical impression in my head to procure any secrefe meditation, I had flat falne into a slumber, if I had not espied a traveller, wearie, and desolate to haue bended his scypes towards me. Desirous to shake off drowsinesse with some company, I attended his arriuall: but as he drew neere, he seemed so quaint in his attire, and so conceited in his countenance, as I deemeid the man either some penitent pilgryme that was very religious , or some despairing liuer that had beene too too affectionate. For take his description.

### An Ode.

Downe the valley gan he tracke,  
Bagge and bottle at his backe,  
In a surcoate all of gray,  
Such were Palmers on the way;  
When with scrip and staffe they see,  
*Iesu graue on Caluarie .*  
A hat of straw like a swaine,  
Shelter for the sun and raine,  
With a Scollop shell before:  
Sandals on his feete he wore:  
Legs were bare, armes vnclad  
Such attire the Palmer had.  
His face faire, like *Titans* shine,  
Gray and brosome were his eyne,  
Wherout dropt pearles of sorrow,

Such

## Greenes never too late.

Such sweet teares loue doth borrow,  
When in outward dewes she plaines  
Harts distresse that Louers paines:  
Rubie lips, cherrie cheekeſ,  
Such rare mixture *Venus* ſeekeſ  
When to keepe her Damsels quiet,  
Beautie ſets them downe their diet.  
*Adon* was not thought more faire;  
Curled locks of amber haire:  
Locks where loue did ſit and twine,  
Nets to ſnare the gazer's eyne:  
Such a Palmer ne're was ſeenе,  
Lefſe Loue himſelfe had Palmer beeне.  
Yet for all he was ſo quaint,  
Sorrow did his viſage taint.  
Midſt the riches of his face,  
Griefe deciphred high diſgrace.  
Euery ſtep ſtrain'd a teare,  
Sodaine ſighes ſhew'd his feare.  
And yet his feare by his ſight,  
Ended in a ſtrange delight.  
That his paſſions did approue,  
Weedes and ſorrow were for loue.

Thus attired in his traualing roabes, and leuel'd out in the lineaments of his phisnomie, (not ſeeing me that lay close in the thicket) he ſate him downe vnder a Beech tree, where after hee had taken vp his ſeat, with a ſigh, he beganne thus to paint out his paſſions.

Unfortunate Palmer, whose weedes diſconuer thy woes, whose lookes thy ſorowes, whose ſighes thy repentance: thou wand'reſt to bewaile thy ſin, that heretofore haſt not wondred at the greatness of ſin, & ſeekellſt now by the ſight of a ſtrange land, to ſatisfie theſe follies committed in thy native hoome. Why, is there more grace in the Eaſt, then in the West? Is God more gracious in Iewrie, then merciſull in England? more fauourable to Palmers for their trauel, then pittifull to ſinners for their penaunce? No, be not ſo ſuperstitious, leſſe thou measuring his fauor.

by

by circumstance, he punish thy faults in severity. Ah but the deepest vlcers haue the deepest corasives: some sores cannot be cured but by *Sublimatum*, and some offences, as they beginne in content, so they end in sache cloth. I weare not this Palmers gray, to challenge grace, nor sache the holy Land, to counteruiale the Law, nor am a Pilgrime to acquittance sinne with penance: but I content me in this habite, to shew the meeknes of my heart, & trauell through many Countries, to make other men learne to beware by my harmes. For if I come among youth, I will shewe them, that the kindest buds are sonest ript with frostes, the sweetest flowers sonest eaten with Cankers, and the ripest and yongest wits sonest ouerthowne with follies. If I chance among Courtiers, I will tell them, that as the starre Artophylax is brightest, yet setteth sonest, so their glories being most gorgeous, are dasht with sodaine ouerthowes. If amongst Schollers, I will proue, that their philosophicall axioms, their quiddities of Logick, their aphorismes of Art, are dissolued with this definite period, *Omnia sub sole vanitas*. If among Louers (and with this the teares fell from his eyes, and the sighs flew from his heart, as if all shoud split againe:) If quoth he, (and he doubled his words with an Emphasis) I fall amongst Louers, I will dischipher to them, that their God is a boy, as fond as he is blnd:their Goddesse a woman, incenant, false, flattering, like the winds that rise in the shoares of *Lepantus*, which in the morning send forth gulls from the North, and in the euening calmes from the West: that their fancies are like Aprill showers, begun in a Sun-shine, and ended in a storme: their passions depe hell, their pleasures Chimeras portraitures, sodaine ioyes, that appearing like Juno, are nothing when Ixion toucheth them but dusky and fading clouds.

Here he stopped, and tooke his scrip from his backe, and his bottle from his side, and with such cates as he had, as Lemons, Apricoks, and Olives, he began a Palmer's banquet: which digesting with a cup of wine well tempred with water, after e-  
very draught he sighed out this, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via*. When he had taken his repast: casting vp his eyes to heauen, as being thankefull for his benefites, and sorrowful for his sinnes, falling into a depe meditation, after he had a while lien

as a man in a trounce, he started vp sodainely, and with a halfe  
cheered countenance sung out this Ode.

*The Palmers Ode.*

**O** Lde Menalcas on a day,  
As in field this shepheard lay,  
Tuning of his oaten pipe,  
Which he hit with many a stripe:  
Said to Coridon, that hee  
Once was yong and full of glee,  
Blithe and wanton was I then,  
Such desires follow men.  
As I lay and kept my sheepe,  
Came the God that hateth sleepe,  
Clad in armour all of fire,  
Hand in hand with Queene *Desire*:  
And with a dart that wounded me,  
Pierst my heart as I did lie;  
That when I woke I gan fweare,  
*Phillis* beauty palme did beare.  
Up I start, forth went I,  
With her face to feed mine eye:  
There I saw *Desire* sit,  
That my heart with *Loue* did hit,  
Laying forth bright Beauties hookes  
To intrap my gazing lookes.  
*Loue* I did, and gan to woe,  
Pray and sigh, all would not doe:  
Women when they take the toy  
Coyet to be counted coy.  
Coy was shee that I gan court,  
She thought *Loue* was but a sport.  
Profound Hell was in my thought;  
Such a paine *Desire* had wrought,  
That I sued with sighes and teares.  
Still ingrate she stopt her eares,  
Till my youth I had spent.

Last a passion of *Repent*  
Told me flat, that *Desire*  
Was a brand of *Loues fire*,  
Which consumeth men in thrall,  
Vertue, youth, wit, and all.  
At this Saw, backe I start,  
Beat *Desire* from my hart,  
Shooke off *Loue* and made on oath,  
To be enemy to both.  
Old I was when I thus fled  
Such fond toyes as cloyd my head.  
But this I learn'd at *Vertues gate*,  
The way to good is neuer late.

*Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.*

As soone as he had ended his Ode, he fell to his olde principle  
*Nunquam sera est*: and confirming it with a sigh, he rose vp, and  
was ready to depart towards Bergamo to take vp his Lodging,  
for the sunne was declining towards the West.

But I desirous to reach further into this passionate Palmer,  
cross him the way with this salutation: Palmer (for so thy ap-  
parell discouers) and penitent, if the inward hart agrée with thy  
outward passions: if my questions may not agrauate thy greefe,  
nor my demaund be tedious to thy trauels; let me craue of cur-  
tesie whither thou dost bend the end of thy pilgrimage, that if  
thou best slept awry, I may direct thee, or if thou knowest the  
Country, I may wish bon fortune to thy iourney: for I haue all  
my life time coueted to be faithfull to my friends, and courteous  
to strangers. The Palmer (amazed at my sodaine salutation)  
slept backe and bent his browes, as if he feared some preindice,  
or were offended at my presence: but when he saw me weapon-  
lesse, and without company, and yet so affable in words, and  
debonair in exterior courtesies as might import a Gentleman, he  
devoutly moued his bonnet of gray, and made this reply:

Gentleman (for no lesse you semme) if the flower may bee  
knowne by smell, or the man by his words: I am a Palmer, dis-  
couered by my gray; and penitent, if you note my greefe, which  
so row is as effectuall, as my attire is little counterfeit. The di-

rection of my iourney is not to Ierusalem: for my faith fels mee,  
 Chylck can dew as great fauour downe in England, as in Ieris-  
 cho: & prayers are not heard for the place, but in the behalfe of  
 the person heartly repentant. My native home is Eng'land, the  
 end of my iourney is Venice, where I meane to visite an olde  
 friend of mine, an Englishman, to whome I haue biene long  
 time indebted, and now meane partly to repay with such store  
 as I haue bought with hard exerience. This night I will rest  
 in the next village: and thus I hope sir you rest satisfied.

This answere of the Palmer made me the more desirous to  
 enquire into his state, that I entreated him I might bee host to  
 such a guest; and seeing I was resident in Bergamo, where that  
 night he meant to harbour, such lodging as a Country gentle-  
 man could afford, and such chare as such a village might on the  
 sodaine yeeld, should be at his command.

Well could this Palmer skill of curtesie, and returning mee  
 many thankes, bouch of my proffer, and was willing to take  
 my house for his Inne. As we past one the way, we chanced to  
 fall into prattle thus. Sir (quoth I) if I might with many que-  
 stions not be offensive, I would faine be inquisitive to knowe,  
 as you haue passed along France, Germany, and Rhine and part of  
 Italy, what you haue noted worthy of memory. Mouing his cap  
 as a man that was passing courteous, he answered thus: I tell  
 you sir (quoth he) as a foolish question merits silence, so a fami-  
 liar demand craves a friendly reply of duty, although Zeno the  
 Philosopher counted it more honour, to bee a silent naturalist,  
 then an eloquent Orator. But as I am not a Gymnosophist, to  
 iangle at every Sophisticall obiection: So I am not a seure  
 Stoike, to answere but by sillables: and therefore thus to your  
 question.

After I had cutte from Dover to Calice, I remembred what  
 olde Homer wryt of Ulisses, that he coueted, not onely to see  
 strange Countries, but with a depe in sight to haue a vew into  
 the manners of men: so I thought, as I passed through Paris,  
 not onely to please mine eie with the curious Architecture of the  
 building, but with the divers disposition of the Inhabitants. I  
 found therefore the Court (for I aime first at the fairest) to haue  
 a King, fit for so royll a Regiment, if he had beeene as perfect in  
 true

true religion, as politique in martiall discipline; the Courtiers, they, as Ariippus, fawned bypon Dionysius, turning like to the Camelion, into the likenesse of every obiect that the King proffered to their humorous conceits, for if the king smil'd, eueny one in the court was in his iollity, if he frowned, their plums fell like the Peacockes feathers, so that their outward presence depended on his inward passions. Generally so, but particularly thus: the French gentlemen are amorous, as some perswaded by the beauty of their mistris, to make a braule, as for the maintenance of Religion, to enter armes: their eyes are like Salamander stones, that fire at the sight of every flame, their hearts as queasie as the minerals of Etna, that burne at the heate of the sun, and are quencht with the pufse of every wind. They count it courtlike, to spend their youth in courting of Landyes, and their age in repeuting of sinnes, yet moreoward in the one, then devout in the other. They bandy glances vpon euery face, and as though they would approue every passion for a principle, they set downe the period with a deepe sigh: yet, as the breath of a man vpon steele, no sooner lighteth on, but it lea-peth off, so is the beginning and ending of their loues.

Thus much for their Amours. Now for their Armes, they be hardy souldiers, and resolute; for their faith, friendship, religion, or other particular qualities, (for there is a league betwirt vs and them,) I will spare to speake, lest in being satyricall, I should plede too farre with Diogenes, or in flattering their faults, or their follies, I should claw afoles shoulder with Dauis in Terence: skipping therefore from them to the Germans. Nay, stay sir (quoth I before you passe the Alpes, give me leaue to hold you an houre still in Lion, for though you be a Palmer, and religious, yet I hope such deepe devotion rested not in you, but an ounce of Venus fauours hang in your eyes, and when you had spent the morning in orisons, you could in the afternoone lend a glance to a faire Lady. The eagle soares not so high in the ayre, but shē can e'rie a little fish in the sea: the sunne in Cancer goes retrograde, the coldest clime hath his summer, and Apollo was never so Stoicall, but *semel in anno* he could let fall a smile; and the most severre pilgrimage or Palmer hath an eye as well as a heart, and a looke to lend to beauty, as a thought to

bend to Theologie: therefore, I pray you, what thinke you of the French women? At this question, although his grauitie was great, yet with a pleasaunt countenance he made this reply: Although fire is hote, as well in the coldest region of the North, as in the furthest Southerne parallell: the grasse of the same colour in Egypt as it is in Lewry, and women whersoever they be bred, *be mala necessaria*, yet though their generall essence bee all one, as comming from Eua, and therefore froward, inconstant, light, amorous, deceitfull, and *quid non?* better desciphered by Mantuan, then I can make description of: yet as the Diamonds in India bee more hard then the Cornish stones in England: as the Margarites of the West are more orient then the Pearles of the South, so womens affections are affected after the disposition of the clime wherein they are borne: although Auicen in his Aphorismes sets downe this conclusion, that thornes nowhere grow without prickes, nor nettles without stinges: but leauing off this preamble: thus to your question. The Women in France generally, as concerning the exterior lineaments of their outward perfection, are beautifull, as beeing Westernly seated neare great Brittanie, where Nature sits and hatcheth beauteous Paramours: yet although *natura naturans* hath shewed her cunning in their portraiture, as women that thinke nothing perfect that Arte hath not polished, that haue drugges of Alexandria, minerals of Egypt, waters from Tharsus, paintings from Spaine, and what to doe forsooth? To make them more beautifull then vertuous, and more pleasing in the eies of men, then delightfull in the sight of God: this is but their exterior vanity that blemisheth their inward vertues, if they haue any. But more to their interiour inclination. Some, as if they were votaries unto Venus, and at their nativitie had no other influence, take no pleasure but in amorous Passions, no delight but in Madrigals of Loue, wetting Cupids wings with rosewater, and tricking vp his quiver with swete perfumes, they set out their faces as Fowlers do their darning glasses, that the Larkes that soare highest, may stope somel; assone as the pore louing soles are wrapt within their nets; then they sive with sighes, and pleade with Sonnets, faine teares, & paint out passions to winne her, that seeming to bee coy, comes at the first lure:

lure: for when they see yong nouices intrapt, then the French dames are like to the people Hyperborei, that spurning liquorice with their teste, secretly slacke their hunger with the iuyce thereof: so they outwardly seeming to contemne their satours motions, stand in deadly feare lest they shold leaue off their amorous passions: so that they haue loue in their eye liddes, so slenderly tacked on by fancy, as it drops off with every dreame, and is shakt off with every vaine slumber. Some of them are as Sappho was, subtle to allure, and slippery to deceiue, haing their hearts made of ware, ready to receive every impression, not content till they haue as many louers as their heartes haue entrances for loue, and those are like to pumice stones that are light and full of holes. Some are as inconstant as Cressida, that be Troylus never so true, yet out of sight, out of minderand, as soone as Diomede beginnes to court, she like Venetian trafeque, is for his peny, currant à currendo, sterling coyne passable from man to man in way of exchange. Others are as Lida, cruell, whose harts are hammered in the forge of pride, thinking themselues too god for all, and none worthy of them, and yet oftentimes nestling all day in the Sunne with the Beetle, are at night contented with a cowsherd for shelter. These haue eyes of Basiliskes, that are prejudiciale to every obiect, and harts of Adamant, not any way to be pierced: and yet I thinke, not dyng maides, nor leading Apes to Hell: for Vestaes sacrifice ceased long since in Rome, & virgins are as rare as blacke Swans: opportunitie is a sore plea in Venus court, able, I tell you, to ouerthow the coydlest that is. I could inferre more particular instances, and distinguish more at large of the French Gentlewoemen: but let me leaue them to their humoroues vanities, and resolute our selues that Ireland doth not onely bring forth Wolues, nor Egypt Crocodiles, nor Barbarie Leopardes, nor France such qualifid women; but as the earth yelds weeds as well in the lowest valleyes, as in the highest mountaines, so women are uniuersally *mala necessaria*, wheresoever they be either bred or brought vp. With this conclusive period he breathed him: and I could not but smile to see the Palmer shake his head at the sondness of women, as a man that had bene galled with their ingratitude. Well, after he had paused a little, he left

France,

France, and beganne to talke of Germany, and that was thus : After I had left Lions, I passed by the Alpes, and coasted into Germany, whereas I found the country seated vnder a colde clime, so I perceiued the people high minded, & fuller of words then of curtesie, givien more to drinke then to deuotion ; & yet sundry places studded with Schismes and Heresies, as people that delight to be factious. There might you see their interior vanities more then their outward apparell did import, and oft times their vaunts more then their manhood. For loue as I saw Venus of no great account, yet shee had there a Temple, and though they did not beautify it with Jewels, they plainly powred forth such Drisons as did bewray, though they could not court it as the French did with Art, yet their lust was not lesse, nor their liues more honest. Because the people were little affable, I grew not so farre inquisitiue of their manners and customes, but siccō pede pass them ouer, so that I trauelled vp as farre as Vienna, where I saw a thinge worthy of memory. In a valley betwéene two high mountaines, topt with trés of maruaillous verdure, where by ran a fountaine pleasant, aswell for the murmure of the streames, as for the swētnesse of waters there was situated a little Lodge artificially built, and at the dore, a man of very great grāvity, and no lesse age, satte leaning vpon his staffe, so to take the benefite of the aire and the Sunne: his haires were as white as the thredds of silke in Arabia, or as the Palme trees on the mount of Libanus : many yeares had made furrows in his face, where Experience late and seemed to tell forth Dracles: Deuotion appeared in his habite, and his outward cloth discoursing his inward heart, that the old Hermite seemed in the world a resolute despiser of the world. Standing a while and wondring at this old man, at last all reuerence done that his yéeres did require, or my youth was bound unto, after salutations I questioned him of the order of his life: who answered me with such curtesie and humilitie, as I perceiued in his words the perfect Idea of a mortified man. After sundry questions broken with *pro et contra*, at last he tooke me by the hand and carried me into his Cell, where I found not those Vtensilia which Tully saies are necessary to bee in every Cottage, but I found bookes, and that of Theologie: a drinking cup, & that was full

full of water: a dead mans skull, an houre glasse, and a Bible: thus onely was his house garnished. After he had sate downe a little he looked me very earnestly in the face, as a man that had some skil in physiognomie, to censure of the inward qualities by the outward appearance: at last, in rough high Dutch verles he thus breathed out his opinion, which I drew thus into blanke verse.

*The Hermites Exordium.*

Heere looke my sonne for no vaine glorious shewes,  
Of roiall apparition for the eye,  
Humble and meeke befitteh men of yeares:  
Behold my Cell built in a silent shade,  
Holding Content for pouerty and peace,  
And in my Lodge, is fealty, and faith,  
Labor and Loue united in one league.  
I want not, for my minde affoordeth wealth:  
I know not Enuy, for I clime not hie:  
Thus doe I live, and thus I meane to die.

Then he stopt to his shelse, and takes downe a Deaths head, whereon looking as a man that meditated upon some deepe matter, he shooke his head, and the teares standing in his eyes, he prosecuted his matter thus.

If that the world presents illusions,  
Or Sathan seekes to puffe me vp with pompe,  
As man is fraile and apt to follow pride:  
Then see, my sonne, where I haue in my Cell,  
A dead mans skull, which calst this straight to minde,  
That as this is, so must my ending be.  
When then I see, that earth to earth must passe,  
I sigh, and say, all flesh is like to grasse,

After he had thus explained the reason why hee kept the dead mans skull in his Cell, he reasch to his houre glasse, and vpon that he began thus to descant.

If care to live, or sweet delight in life,  
As man desires to see out many dayes,

Drawes me to listen to the flattering world,  
Then see my glasse which swiftly out doth runne,  
Comparde to man, who dies ere he begins.  
This tels me time slackes not his poastling course,  
But as a glasse runnes out with euery houre,  
Some in their youth , some in their weakest age,  
All sure to die , but no man knowes his tyme .  
But this I thinke, how vaine a thing is man ,  
Whose longest life is likened to a span?

Lassly, he tooke his Bible in his hand, whereupon leaning  
his arme, he amplifid thus.

When Sathan to fist me with his wiles ,  
Or proudly dares to giue a fierce assault ,  
To make a shipwracke of my faith with feares ,  
Then arnde at all points to withstand the foe  
With holy armour : here's the martiall sword:  
This booke, this bible , this two-edged blade ,  
Whose sweete content pierceth the gates of hell:  
Desciphering lawes and discipline of warre ,  
To ouerthrow the strength of Sathan's iarde.

Thus the Hermite discouered to me the secrets of his Cell: and after , that I shold be priuie to all his pathiticall conceits, he brought soorth a few rootes , and such simple diet as he had, to conserme that he tyed Nature every way within her limites. Wondring at the methode he vsed in his Cell, after I had taken my repast with him , as we met courteously , we parted friend- ly , he with exhortations to beware of youthes follies , I with thankes and reverence to his aged yeres , for his graue and fa- therly perswasion : so I went from his Cell to Vieana , and from thence coasted vp into the bozders of Italie.

The Palmer had scarce named Italie, but we were come to my house , where I gaue him such entertainment, as either the abilitie of my substance , the plentie of th: country , or the stortenesse of the tyme could afford : and because I wold every way grace him, I brought downe my wife to giue him a royall wel- come , a favour seldome shewed in Italie : yet because he was a

Palmer

Palmer, and his profession valued heartie at a light price, I did him that grace. To be short, at last we late downe to supper, and there past the time with such pleasing chat, as the pleasant Palmer pleased to conferre vpon. Supper done, I desired the Palmer to discourse (if it were not offensive) what reason moued him to direct his Pilgrimage only to Venice. Raising himselfe vp with a smiling countenance, he made this reply.

Courteous Gentleman, for so much your affable and liberall disposition doth approue, Jupiter when he was entertained by pore Baucis, accounted ingratitude so heynous, as he turned their Cottage to a Temple, and made them sacrificers at his Altars: Hospitalitie is so pretious, as no price may value. Then if I shuld not grant any lawfull demand, I might seeme as little pliant to humanity, as you lieable to courtesie: and therefore is the Gentlewoman your wife and you will sit vp to heare the discourses of a traueller, I will first rehearse you an English History, acted and euented in my country of England: but soz that the Gentleman is yet liuing, I will shadow his name althoough I manifest his follies, and when I haue made relation, I will shew why I directed the course of my Pilgrimage, onely to Venice. My wife by her countenance seemed to bee maruelous content, and my selfe kept silence. Whereupon the Palmer began as followeth.

## The Palmers Tale.

In those dayes when Palmerin raigned King of great Britaine, famous for his daedes of Chivalrie, there dwelled in the Cittie of Caerbrancke, a Gentleman of an auncient house, called Francesco, a man, whose Parentage, though it were Worshipfull, yet it was not indued with much wealth: insomuch, that his learning was better then his reuenewes, and his wit more beneficiall then his substance. This Segnior Francesco, desirous to bend the course of his compasse to some peaceable Porte, spread no more cloth in the winde than might make easie saile, lest hovsting vp too sodainely aboue the maine yard, some sodaine gulf might make him founder in the dep. Though

he were yong, yet he was not rash with Icarus, to soare into the skie, but to cry out with olde Dedalus, *Medium tenere utriscumque*: treading his shooe without any slippe. He was so generally loued of the cittizens, that the richel Merchant or grauest Burghmaster would not refuse to graunt him his daughter in mariage, hoping more of his insuing fortunes, then of his present substance. At last, casting his eie on a Gentlemans daughter that dwelt not far from Caerbranck, he fell in loue, and prosecuted h's sute with such affable courtesie, as the maide considering the vertue and wit of the man, was content to set vp her rest with him, so that her fathers consent might bee at the knitting vp of the match. Francesco thinking himselfe cockesure, as a man that hoped his credite in the Cittie might carrie awaie more then a country gentlemans daughter, finding her father on a day at fit oportunity, he made the motion about the grant of his daughters mariage. The olde chyrtle that listned with both eares to such a question, did not in this *in viramuis aarem dormire*, but leaning on his elbowe, made present answere, that her dowrie required a greater fesement then his lands were able to afford. And vpon that, without further debating of the matter, he rose vp and hied him home, whither as soone as hee came, he called his daughter before him, whose name was Isabell, to whome he vttered these words. Why huswife (quoth he) are you so idle taskid, that you stand vpon thornes vntill you haue a husband? are you no sooner hatched with the Lapwing, but you will runne away with the shell en your head? Sone prickes the tree that will proue a thorne, and a gирle that loues too soone will repent to late. What, a husband? why the maidis of Rome, durst not looke at Venus Temple till they were thirtie, nor went they unmasked till they were married, that neither their beauties might allure other, nor they glance their eies on euerie wanton. I tell thee sond girle, when Nilus overfloweth before his time, Egypt is plagued with a dearth: the trees that blossome in February, are nipp'd with the frost in May; vntimely fruits had never god fortune, and yong Gentlewomen, that are waed and wouere they be wise, sorrow and repent before they be old. What seekest thou in Francesco, that thine eyes must chose, and thy heart must fancie? Is he beautifull? Why sond

fond girle, what the eye liketh at morne, it hateth at night: loue is like a bauen, but a blaze: and beauty, why how can I better compare it than to the gorgeus Cedar, that is onely for shewe, nothing for profit: to the Apples of Tantalus, that are precious in the eye, and dull in the hand: to the starre Artophylax, that is most bright, but fitteth not for any Compasse: so yong men that stand vpon their outward portraiture, I tell thee they are preuidciall: Demophoon was faire, but how dealt hee with Phyllis? Eneas was a braue man, but a dissembler: fond girle; all but little worth if they be not wealthy: And I pray thee, what substance hath Francesco to induie thee with? Hast thou not heard that want breakes amity, that loue beginneth in gold, and endeth in beggery, that such as marry but to a faire face, tie themselves oft to a soule bargaine? And what wilt thou doe with a husband that is not able to to maintain thee? Buy forsooth a dram of pleasure with a pound of sorrow, and a pint of content with a whole tunne of p[ro]vidciall displeasures. But why doe I cast stones into the ayre, or breathe my words into the wind, when to perswade a woman from her will is to rolle Sisiphus stonye: or to ty a headstrong girle from loue, is to tie the Furies againe in Fetters? Therefore his wife, to prevent al misfortunes, I will be your Taylor. And with that he carried her in and shut her vp in his owne chamber, not giving her leaue to depart, but when his key gaue her license; yet at last she so cunningly dissembled that she got thus farre liberty, not to be close prisoner, but to walke about the house: yet every nighe hee shut vp her clothes, that no nighly feare of her escape might hinder his broken slumbers.

Wher leauing her, let vs returne to Francesco, who to his sorrow heard of all these hard fortunes: and being penitue, was full of many passions, but almost in despayre, as a man that durst not come neygh her fathers doore, nor send any letters wherby to comfort his Mistresse, or to lay any plot of her liberty: so no sooner any stranger came thither but he suspitious they came from Francesco, first sent vp his daughter into her Chamber; then, as watchfull as Argus with all his eies, he pryd into every particular gesture and behaviour of the party: and if any jealous humour tooke him in the head, hee would not onely be ve-

Greenes never too late.

rie inquisition with cutting questions , but would straine curtesies, and search them very narrowly, whether they had any letters or no to his daughter Isabell.

This narrow inquisition made the pore Gentleman almost frantick, that he turned ouer *Anacreon*, *Ouid de Arte Amandi*, and all booke s that might teach him any sleights of loue : but for all their principles , his olvne wit serued him for the best shifte, and that was happily begun , and fortunately ended thus. It chanced , that as he walked thus in his muses, fetching the compasse of his conceit beyond the Mone, he met with a pore WOMAN, who as her custome was, began her exordium with, I pray god Maister, and so forth , hoping to find the Gentleman as liberall, as he was full of gracious fauours: neither did she misse of her imagination ; for he that thought her likely to be drawne on to the executing of his purpose, conceited thus, that gold was as god as gles to knit her to any practise whatsoeuer , and therefore out with his purse , and clapt her in the hand with a French crowne. This vnaccustomed reward made her more francke of courtesies, that every rag reatcht the Gentleman a reverence, with promise of many prayers for his health. He that harped on another string tooke the woman by the hand , and sitting downe vpon the green grasse, discoursed unto her from point to point the beginning and sequel of his loues , and how by noe meanes ( except by her ) he could conuay any letter. The beggar desirous to doe the Gentleman any pleasure , said she was ready to take any paines that might redound to his content.

Whereupon he replied thus: Then mother, thou shalt goe to yonder Abby which is her fathers house , and when thou commest thither, vse thy wonted eloquence to intreat for thy almes, if the Maister of the house be present, shew thy pasport, and seeme very passionate: but if he be absent or out of the way , then, oh then mother, loke about if thou seeft Diana masking in the shape of a Virgine, if thou spiest Venus, nay one more beautifull then loues Goddesse, and I tell thee this is my loue faire Isabell, whom thou shalt discerne from her other sister thus: her visage is faire, containing as great resemblance of vertue , as lineaments of beautie, and yet I tell thee, she is full of fauour, whether thou respects

specks the outward portraiture or inward perfection: her eie like the Diamond, and so pointed that it pearceth to the quicke, yet so chaste in the motion as therein is seene, as in a mirrour, courtesie tempred with a vertuous disdain: her countenance is the very map of modesty: & to give the a more nere marke, if thou findest her in the way, thou shalt see her more lverall to bestow, than thou pittifull to demand: her name is Isabel: to her from me shalt thou carry a letter, folded by enery way like a port, with a greasie backeside, and a great seale. If cunningly and closely thou canst thus conney unto her the tenour of my minde, when thou bringest unto me an answere, I will give the a brace of Angels. She pore woman was glad of this preffer, and thereupon promised to venture a wynt but shee would further him in his loues: whereupon the followed him to his chamber, and the while he wrot a letter to this effect.

*Signior Francesco to faire Isabel.*

**V**Vhen I note (faire Isabel) the extremity of thy fortunes, & measure of the passions of my loue, I finde that Venus hath made thee constant to requite my miseries, and that where the greatest onsette is given by Fortune, there is strongest defence made by affection: for I heard, that thy father, suspitious, or rather lealous of our late united sympathie, doth watch like Argus ouer lo, not suffering thee to passe beyond the reach of his eye, unlesse (as he thinks) thou shouldest ouer reach thy selfe. His minde is like the Tapers in Janus Temple, that set once on fire, burne till they consume themselues: his thoughtes like the Sunne-brames, that search every secret. Thus watching thee, he ouerwaketh himselfe, and yet (I hope) profiteth as little as they which gaze on the flames of Aina, which vanish out of their sight in smoake.

I haue heard them say, (faire Isabel) that as the Dimonds are tried by cutting of glasse, the Topace by biding the force of the anuile, the Bether wood by the hardnesse, so womenes excellency is discouered in their constancie: Then if the period of all their vertues consist in this, that they take in loue by moneths, and let it slip by minutes, that as the Tortoise they trapecedes

pedentim, and when they come to their rest, will hardly be remoued. I hope thou wilt confirme in thy loues the very patterne of feminine loyaltie, hauing no motion in thy thoughts, but fancy, and no affection, but to thy Francesco. In that I am stopped from thy sight, I am deprived of the chiefe organ of my life hauning no sence in my life perfect; in that I want the viewe of thy perfecton, ready with sorow to perish in despaire, if resolute of thy constancy, I did not triumph in hope. Therefore now resteth it in thee to salue all these sores, and provide medicines for these dangerous maladies, that our passions appeased, we may end our harmony in the faithfull union of two hearts. Thou seest Loue hath his shiffts, and Venus quiddities are most subtle霍phistry; that he which is touched with beauty is ever in league with opportunity: these principles are proued by the messenger, whose state discouers my restless thoughts, impatient of any longer repulse. I haue therefore sought to ouermatch thy father in pollicy, as he ouer-staines vs in iealousie, and seeing hee seekes it, to let him finde a knot in a rush: as therefore I haue sent thee the summe of my passions in the forme of a pasport, returne me a reply wrapt in the same paper, that as we are forced to court our deceits in one shift, so heareafter we may unite our loues in one Simplicity: appoint what I shall do to compasse a private conference. Thinke I will account of the Seas as Leander: of the Warres as Troylus: of all dangers as a man resolved to attempt any perill, or breake any prejudice for thy sake. Say, when, and where I shall mete thee, and so, as I began passionately, I breake off abruptly. Farewell.

Thine in fatal resolution,

Seigneur Francesco.

**A**ftor he had written the letter, and dispatcht the messenger, her mind was so fired on the brace of Angels, that shee stirred her old stumps till shee came to the house of Seigneur Fregoso, who at that instant was walkt abroad, to take viewe of his pastures. Shee no sooner began her methode of begging with a solemnus prayer, and a pater noster, but Isobel, whose devotion was

I was euer bent to pitte the pore, cams to the doore, to see the necessity of the party, who begun to salute her thus. Faire Mistrie, whose vertues excede your beauties, and yet I doubt not but you deeme your perfection equiualent with the rarest paragons is Brittanie: as your eie receiuers the obiect of my misery, so let your hart haue an insight into my extremities, who once was young, and then fauoured by fortune, now old and crostled by the destinies, driven when I am weakest, to the wall, and when I am worst able, forced to hold the candle: Seeing then the faultes of my youth haue forced the fall of mine age, and I am driven in the winter of my yeares, to abide the brunt of all stormes, let the plenty of your youth pitty the want of my decrepiti state: and the rather, because my fortune was once as high as my fall is now low: for profe, sweet Mistrie, see my pasport, wherein you shall find my passions and much patience: at which period, making a courtesie, her very rags seemed to give Isabell reverence, Shee hearing the beggar insinuate with such a sensible preamble, thought the woman had had some god parts in her, & therefor tooke her certificate: which as sone as she had opened, and that she perceiued it was Francescoes hand, she smiled, and yet bewayed a passion with a blush. So that stepping from the woman, she went into her chamber, where she read it ouer with such patheticall impressions, as every motion was intangled with a dilemma: for on the one side, the loue of Francesco grounded more on his interiour vertues, then his exteriour beauties, gave such fierce assaults to the bulwarke of her affections as the Fort was ready to be yelded vp: but that the feare of her Fathers displeasure, armed with the instigations of nature, draue her to meditate thus with herselfe.

Now Isabell, Loue and Fortune haue brought thee into a labozinth, thy thoughts are like lanus pictures, that present both peace and warre, and thy minde like Venus Anuile, wheron is hammered both Feare and Hope: With then the chance lieth in thine owne choyce, do not with Medea sic and allow of the best, and then follow the worst: but of two extremes, if they be *Immediata*, chose that may haue least prejudice and most profit. Thy father is aged, and wise, and many yeares hath taught him much experiance. The old Fore is more subtile than the

yong Cub, the Bucke more skilfull to choose his foode than the yong Falwes. Men of age, feare and sore see that which youth leapeþ at with repentance. If then his graue wisdome excedes thy greene wit, and his ripened fruites thy sprouting blossoms, thinke if he speake for thy auiale, as his principles are perfect, so they are grounded on Loue and Nature. Ibis a neere collop, sayes he, is cut of the owne flesh, and the stay of thy Fortunes, is the staſte of thy life: no doubt hee ſees with a more piercing iudgement into the life of Francesco: for thou ouercome with fancie, censureſt of all his actions with partialitie. Francesco, though he be young and beautifull, yet his reuenewes are not answerable to his fauours: the Cedar is faire, but vncruitfull, the Volgo a bright streame but without fish: then couet rather to plant the Olive for profit, than the Alder for beauty, and young Gentlewomen ſhould rather fancy to liue, than affect to luſt: for loue without lands, is like to a fire without ſewell, that for a while ſheweth a bright blaze, and in a moment dieth in his owne cinders. Dolt thou thinkie this, Isabell, that thine eie may

Fnot ſurſet ſo with beautie, that the minde ſhall vomite by repen-  
tance: yes, for the faireſt Roſes haue prickes, the pureſt lawnes  
their moles, the brightest Diamonds their crackes, and the  
moſt beautiſul men of the moſt imperfect conditions: for nature  
hauing care to poſh the body ſo faire, overwenes her ſelue in  
her excellency, that ſhe leaues their minds imperfect. Whither  
now Isabell, into absurd Aphorismes: What can thy Father per-  
ſwade thee to this, that the moſt glorious ſhels haue not the moſt  
orient margarites, that the pureſt flowers haue not the moſt  
perfect fauours, that men, as they excel in proportion of body, ſo  
they exceede in perfection of minde? Is not nature both curiouſ  
and absolute, hiding the moſt vertuous minds in the moſt beau-  
tiſfull counteuers? Why what of this, fendi girtle? Suppose these  
promiſes to be granted, yet they infer no conclusion: for ſuppoſe  
he bee beantifull and beettuous, and his wit is equall with his  
parentage, yet he wants wealth to maintaine Loue, and there-  
fore, ſayes old Fregoso, not worthy of Isabells loue. Shall I then  
tie my affection to his Lands or to his lineaments? To his ri-  
ches, or his qualities? Are Venus altars to be filled with golde,  
or loyalty of harts? Is the ſympathy of Cupids conſtitoy united

in the abundance of coyne : or the absolute perfection of com-  
sta ncy? Ah Isabell, thinke this, that loue bryketh no exception of  
want, that where Fancie displayes her colours, there alwayes  
either Plenty keeps her court, or else Patience so tempers eue-  
ry extreme, that all defects are supplied with content. Upon  
this, as hauing a farther reach, and a deeper insight, she kept ha-  
sily to her standish, and wryt him this answere.

*Isabell to Francesco, health.*

**A**Lthough the nature of a Father, and the dutie of a childe  
might moue me resoluteley to reiect thy letters, yet I recei-  
ued them, for that thou art Francesco, and I Isabell, who were  
once priuate in affection, as now we are distant in places. But  
know, my father, whose command to me is a lawe of constraint  
sets downe this censure, that loue without wealth, is like to a  
Cedar tree without fruite, or to corne sowne in the landes, that  
withereth for want of moysture: and I haue reason Francesco  
to dñe of snow by the whitenesse, and of trees by the blossoms.  
The olde man whose wordes are Dracles tels me, that loue  
that entereth in a moment, flyeth out in a minute; that mens  
affections are like the deaw hyppon a Christall, which no sun-  
ner lighteth on, but it leapeith off: their eies with every glance  
make a new choice, and every looke can commaund a sigh, ha-  
ving their harts like Saltpeeter, that fiereth at the first, and yet  
prouelth but a flash; their thoughts reaching as high as Cedars,  
but as brittle as rods that breake with every blast. Had Car-  
thage bene bereft of so famous a Virago, if the Troian had  
bene as constant as he was comly? Had the Quene of Po-  
etrie bene pinched with so many passions, if the wanton Ferri-  
man had bene as faithfull as he was faire? No Francesco, and  
therefore seeing the brightest blossomes are pestered with most  
Caterpillers, the sweetest Roses with the sharpest prickes,  
the fairest Cambrikes with the soulest staines, and men with  
the best proportion, haue commonly least perfection; I may  
feare to swallow the hooke, least I finde more bane in the con-  
fection, than pleasure in the bait. But here let me breathe, and  
with sighs forsee mine owne folly. Wleomen, poore soules, are  
like to the Harts in Calabria, that knowing Dictamnum to bee

deadly , yet brawse on it with grēdinesse : resembling the Fish  
 Mug: a, that seing the hooke bare, yet swallows it with delight,  
 so women fore see, yet do not prevent , knowing what is profit-  
 able , yet not eschewing the preindice : So Francesco , I see thy  
 beanties, I know thy want, and I feare thy vanities, yet can I  
 not but allow of all, were they the worst of all, because I finde  
 in my mind this principle: In Loue is no lacke. What should I  
 Francesco couet to dally with the mouse when the catte stands  
 by, or fill my letter ful of nedesse ambages when my father, like  
 Argus, sette ih a hundred ries to ouer-pyy my actions : while I  
 am writyng thy messenger stands at the doore praying: there-  
 fore, lest I should hold her too long in her orisons , or keepe thee  
 (worse man) too long in suspence: thus briefly. Be upon Thurs-  
 day next at night hard by the Orchard vnder the greatest Oak,  
 where expect my comming , prouide for our safe passage: for  
 stode all the world on the one side , and thsu on the other, Fran-  
 celco shoule be my guide to direct me whither he pleased. Faile  
 not then, unlesse thou be false to her that would haue life faile ere  
 she falkifie saith to thee.

Not her owne, because thine, Isabell.

**A**sone as she had dispatcht her letter , she came downe, &  
 delinuered the letter in forme of a pasport to the messenger,  
 giuing her after her accustomed manner an almes , and closely  
 clapt her in the fist with a brace of Angels. The woman thank-  
 ing her god Maister, and her god Mistris , giuing the house her  
 benison, hied her backe agalme to Francesco , whom she found sit-  
 ting solitary in his Chamber : no sooner did he espie her , but  
 flinging out of his chaire, he changed colour as a man in a doubt-  
 full extasie what should betide : yet conceiuing god hope by her  
 countenance , who smiled more at the remembrance of her re-  
 ward then at any other conceite , he tooke the letter and read it,  
 wherein he found his humor so fitted , that he not onely thanked  
 the messenger, but gaue her all the money in his purse , soe that  
 she returned so highly gratified , as never afterward she was  
 found to exercise her old occupation. But leauing her to the hope  
 of her huswifry , againe to Francesco , who seeing the constant  
 affection of his Mistris , that neither the soure looks of her fa-

ther, nor his hard threates could affright her, to make change of her fancy, that no disaster fortune could draine her to make shipwrack of her fired affection, that the bloustring stormes of aduersity might assault, but not sacke the fort of her constant resolution, he fell into this pleasing passion: Women (quoth he) why as they are heauens wealth, so they are earths miracles, framed by nature to despight beauty, adorned with the singularitie of proportion, to shrowd the excellency of all perfection, as far exceeding men in vertues as they excell them in beauties, resembling Angels in qualities, as they are like to Gods in perfectnesse, being purer in mind then in mould, and yet made of the purity of man: iust are they, as giuing Loue her due: constant, as holding loyalty more pretious then life: as hardly to be drawne from united affection, as the Salamanders from the cauerns of *Aetna*. Tush (quoth Francesco) what should I say? they be women, and therefore the continents of all excellencie. In this pleasant humour he passed away the time, not slacking his busnes for prouision against Thursday at night: to the care of which affaires, let vs leaue him and returne to Isabell, who after shee had sent her letter, fell into a dumpe, entring into consideracions of mens inconstancy, & of the sicklenes of their fancies; but all these meditations did sort to noe effect: whereupon sitting downe, she tooke her Lute in her hand, and sung this Ode.

## Isabels Ode.

**S**itting by a Riuers side  
Where a silent streme did glide,  
Banckt about with choyce of flowers,  
Such as spring from April showers,  
When faire *Iris* smiling shewes,  
All her riches in her dewes,  
Thick leaued trees so were planted  
As not Art nor Nature wanted  
Bordering all the brooke with shade  
As if *Venus* there had made  
By *Floraes* wile, a curious bowre  
To dally with her paramoure.

At this current as I gazed,  
 Eyes intrapt, minde amazde,  
 I might see in my ken,  
 Such a flame as fiereth men:  
 Such a fire as doth frie,  
 With one blaze both hart and eye,  
 Such a heate as doth proue  
 No heate like to the heate of loue.  
 Bright she was, for t'was a she,  
 That trac'd her steps towards me:  
 On her head she ware a bay,  
 To fence *Phæbus* light away:  
 In her face one might descry  
 The curious beauty of the skie.  
 Her eies caried darts offire,  
 Feathered all with swift desire:  
 Yet forth these fiery darts did passe,  
 Pearled teares as bright as glasse,  
 That wonder twas in her eyne,  
 Fire and water should combine:  
 If th' old Sawe did not borrow,  
 Fier is loue, and water sorrow.  
 Downe she late, pale and sad,  
 No mirth in her lookes she had,  
 Face and eies shewd distresse,  
 Inward sighs discourt no lesse:  
 Head and hand might I see:  
 Elbow leaned on her knee,  
 Last she breathed out this Saw,  
 Oh that loue hath no law,  
 Loue inforceth with constraint,  
 Loue delighteth in complaint.  
 Whoso loues, hates his life,  
 For loues peace is miads strife.  
 Loue doth feede on beauties fare,  
 Euery dish sawc'd with care:  
 Chiefely women, reasoun why,  
 Loue is hatcht in their eye:

Thence it steppeth to the hart,  
 There it poysneth every part:  
 Mind and hart, eye and thought.  
 Till sweet loue their woes haue wrought.  
 Then repentant they gan cry,  
 Oh my hart that trowed mine eye.  
 Thus she said, and then she rose,  
 Face and mind both full of woes:  
 Flinging thence with this Saw,  
 Fie on loue that hath no law

Having finished her Ode, shē heard that her Father was  
 come in, and therefore leaving her amorous instruments, she fell  
 to her labour, to confirme the old proverbe in her fathers zealous  
 head, *Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus*: but as warie as shē  
 was, yet the old Gose could spie the gosling winke, and would  
 not by any meanes trust her, but bled his accustomed manner  
 of restraint: yet as it is impossible for the smoke to bee concealed,  
 or fire to bee suppressed: so Fregoso could not by subtle drifts  
 so warily watch his transformed Io, but shē found a Mercurie  
 to release her. For vpon Thurseday lying in her bedde with  
 little intent to sleepe, shē offered many sighs to Venus, that shē  
 would be Oراتresse to Morpheus that some dead slumber might  
 possesse all the house: which fell out accordingly, so that at mid-  
 night she rsse vp, and finding her apparel shut vp, she was faine  
 to goe without hose, onely in her smocke and her peticoate, with  
 her fathers hat and an olde cloake. Thus attired like Diana  
 in her night gēre, shē marcheth downe softly, where shē found  
 Francesco readie with a private and familiar friend of his to  
 watch her comming forth, who, casting his eie aside, and saying  
 one in a hat and a cloake, suspecting some treachery, drew his  
 sword: at which Isabell smiling, shē incountred him thus.

Gentle sir, if you be as valiant as you seeme cholerike, or as  
 martiall as you would be thought hardie, set not vpon a wea-  
 ponelle woman, lest in thinking to triumph in so meane a con-  
 quest, you be preuidiced with the taint of cowardise. Twas ne-  
 ver yet read, that warlike Mars drewe his Fawchion against  
 louely Venus, were her offence never so great, or his Choler  
 neuer

neuer so much. Therefore Gentleman, if you be the man I take you, Isabel Francesco, leue off your armes, and fall to amours, and let your parley in them be as short, as the night is silent, and the time dangerous. Francesco seeing it was the Paramour of his affections, let fall his sword, and caught her in his armes, ready to fall in a sound by a sudaine extasie of ioy: at last recouering his sence, he encouerted her thus.

Faire Isabel, Natures ouermatch in beautie, as you are Dia-  
naes superior in vertue: at the sight of this attire, I drew my  
sword, as fearing some priuy foe: but as soon as the view of your  
perfection glanced as an obiect to mine eye, I let fall my arms,  
trembling as Adcon did, that he had dared too farre in gazing  
against soe gorgeous a Goddess: yet ready in the defense of  
your sweet selfe, and rather then I would loose so rich a prize, not  
only to take vp my weapon, but to encounter hand to hand with  
the stoutest champion in the world. Sir ( quoth shē ) these protesta-  
tions are now bootesle: and therefore to be briefe, thus ( and  
with that the teares trickled down the vermillion of her cheeke,  
and shē blubbered out this passion,) O Francesco, thou mayst see  
by my attire the depth of my fancie, and in these homely roabes  
mayst thou note shēs reatclenesse of my fortunes, that for thy  
loue hauing strained a note too highe in loue, I offend Nature as  
repugnant to my Father, whose displeasure I haue purchast to  
please thee: I haue given a small farewell to my friends, to bee  
thy familiar: I haue lost all hope of preferment, to confirme  
the sympathie of both our desires: ah Francesco, see, I come thus  
poore in apparrell, to make shē rich in content. Now if hereaf-  
ter, ( Oh let me sigh at that, lest I bee forced to repent too late)  
when thy eye is glutted with my beautie, and thy hotte loue  
pranned sone colde, then beginst thou to hate her that thus lo-  
ueth thee, and proue as Demophon did to Phillis, or as Aneas  
did to Dido. What then may I doe rejected, but accurse mine  
owne follie, that hath brought me to such hard fortunes? Give  
me leaue, Francesco, to feare what may fall: for men are as in-  
constant in performance, as cunning in practises. Shē could  
not fully discourse what shē was about to vtter, but he broke off  
with this protestation. Ah Isabel, although the windes of Le-  
panthus are ever inconstant, the Chiterol euer brittle, the Po-  
lipa

lipa euer chargeable : yet measure not my minde by other motions, nor the depth of my affection by the flattery of other fancies: for as there is a Topace that will yeld to every stampe, so there is an Emerald that will yelde no impression. The selfe same Troy, as it had an Aeneas that was sickle, so it had Troilus that was constant. Greece had a Pyramus, as it had a Demophon : and though some haue bene ingratefull, yet accuse not all to bee unthankesfull : so when Francesco shall let his eye slip from thy beatitie, or his thoughts from thy qualities, or his hart from thy vertues, or his whole life from euer honouring thee: then shall heauen cease to haue Starrs, the earth Treas, the world Elements, and every thing reversed, shall fall to their former chaos.

Why then (quoth Isabell) to horsebacke, for feare the faith of two such Lovers bee impeached by my fathers wakefull iealousie. And with that (pore woman) halfe naked as shē was, shē mounted, and as fast as horse would pace a way they post towards a towre in the said countrey of Brittain called Duncalstrum. Where let vs leauie them in their false gallop, and returne to old Fregoso, who rising early in the morning, and missing his daughter, askt for her through the whole house: but seeing none could discouer where shē was, as assured of her escape, hē cried out as a man halfe lunaticke, that hē was by Francesco robb'd of his onely iewell. Whereupon in a despairing furie he caused all his men and his tenants to mount them, and to disperse themselves every one with hue and cry for the recovery of his daughter, hē himselfe being horst, and riding the readie way to Duncalstrum. Where hē no sooner came, but Fortune meaning to dally with the old dotard, and to present him a bone to gnaw on, brought it so to passe, that as he came riding downe the towne, hē mette Francesco, and his daughter comming from the Church, which although it pierst him to the quicke, and strained every string of his hart to the highest note of sorrow, yet he concealed it till hē tooke his Inne: and then stumbling as fast as hē could to the Matorz house of the Totone, hē reuealed unto him the whole cause of his distresse, requiring his fauour for the clapping up of this vnrely gentleman: and to make the matter more heinous, he accused him of felonie, that he had not enely, contrarie to sh'

custome bereft him of his daughter against his will, but with his daughter, had taken away certaine plate. This evidence caused the Mayor straight, gaured with his Officers, to march downe with Fregoso to the place where Isabell, and her Francesco were at breakfast, little thinkeing ( poore soules ) such a sharpe forme should follow so quiet a calme: but fortune would haue it so. And therefore, as they were carowing each to other in a sweete srolike of hoyer for content, the Mayor rusht in, and apprehended him of felonie: which draue the poore perplexed louers into such a dumpe, that they stode as the pictures that Perseus with his shielde turnes into Stones. Francesco presently with a sharpe insight, entred into the cause & perceived it was the drift of the olde Foxe his father in law: wherfore he take it with the moe patience. But Isabell seeing her new husband so handled, fell into a swound for sorrow, which could not preuaile with the Sergeantts, but they conueyed him to prison, and her to the Mayors house. As soone as this was done, Fregoso as a man carelesse what should become of them, in a strange Countrie, tooke horse and rode home: he past melancholy, and these remained sorrowfull, especially Isabel, who after she had almost blubbed out her eyes for griece, fell at length into this passion.

Infortunate Isabell, and there soye unfortunate, because thy sorowes are more then thy yeres, and thy distresse to heauie for the prime of thy youth. Are the heauens so vnusuall, the Starres so dismal, the planets so iniurious, that they haue more contrarie oppositions then fauourable aspects? that their influence doth infuse more prejudice then they can infirme profit? Then no doubt if their malice be so maligne, Sartine conspiring with all balesfull signes calculated the houre of thy birth full of disaster accidents. Oh Isabell then maist see, the birds that are hatched in winter, are ript with every forme, such as flye against the sunne are either scroched or blinded, and those that repugne against nature, are euer trouay by fortune. Thy father soresaw these euils, and warned thee by experiance, thou reiectest his coursaille, and therefore art bitten with repentance: such as looke not before they leape, oft fall into the ditch: and they that scorne their parents, cannot auoide punishment: The young Tigers follow the braying of their olde Sire, the tender Falwes chose their

their foode by the old Bucke : These brute beastes , and without reason, stray not from the limites of nature : thou a widdow and endued with reason, art therefore this sorrowfull , because thou hast bene unnaturall. Whi her nowe Isabell ? What , like the shrubs of India , parched with every storne ? Wilt thou resemble the brokes of Cartia , that dry vp with every Sunne-shine ? Shall one blast of Fortune blemish all thy affection : one frowne of thy father infringe thy loue toward thy husband ? Wilt thou be so inconstant at the first , that hast promised to be loyall euer ? If thou best danted on thy mariage day , thou wilt be fleeting hereafter : didst thou not chose him for his vertues , and nowe wilt thou refise him for his hard sortunes ? is he not thy husband ? yes , and therfore more deere to thee then thy Father . I Isabell , and vpon that resolute , lest having so faithfull a Troylus , thou proue as hatefull as Cressida : sorrow Isabell , but not that thou followed Francesco , but that Francesco by thee is fallen into such misfortunes : sike to mitigate his maladies by thy patience , not to incense his grefe with thy passions : courage is knowne in extremities , womanhood in distresse : and as the Chisolite is proued in the fire and the Diamond by the annie, so loue is tried not by fauour of Fortune , but by the aduersity of time . Therefor I Isabell , *Feras non culpes , quod vitare non potes* , and with Tully resolve thus :

*Puta rerum humanarum nihil esse firmum; nec in prosperis  
letitia gesties, nec in aduersis dolore concides.*

With this she held her peace and rested silent , so behauing her selfe in the Mayors house , with such modesty and patience , that as they held her for a Paragon of beautie , so they counted her for a spectacle of vertue : thinking her outward proportion was farre inferiour to her inward perfection : so that generally she wan the hearts of the whole house in that they pitied her case , and wished her libertie . Insomuch that Francesco was the better used for her sake : who being imprisionned grieved not at his owne sinister mishap , but sorrowed for the Fortune of Isabell , passing both day and night with many extreame passions , to thinke on the distresse of his beloued Paramour . Fortune who had wrought this tragedie intending to shewe that her front is as full of fauours as of frownes , and that she holds a dimple in her cheeke ,

as shē hath a wrinkle in her brow, began thus in a Commicall veine to be pleasant. After many dayes were passed, and that the Mayor had entred into the god demeanour of them both, noting, that it proceded rather of the displeasure of the Father, than for any speciall desart of felonie, siring youth would haue his swinge, and that as the minerals of *Etna* stone fire, as the leaues in Parthia burne in the Huane, soe young peeres are incident to the heate of loue, and affection will burst into such amorous parties: Hē not as Chremes in Terence, measuring the flames of youth by his dead cinders, but thinkeing of their present fortunes by the follies of their former age, called a Conuenticle of his brethren, and seeing there was none to giue any further euidence, thought to let Francesco loose. Hauing their feete consent, the next day taking Isabell with him, he went to the Tayle, where they heard such rare reportes of the behauour of Francesco, that they sorrowed not so much at his fortunes, as they wondred at his vertues: for the Taylor discouert unto them how, as he was greatly passionate, so he vied great patience, hauing this verse oft in his mouth:

*Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.*

That he was affable and courteous, winning all, & offending none, that all his house, as they grāued at his imprisonment, would be sorry at his enlargement: not for enny of his person, but for sorrow of his absence. The Taylor thus commanding the Gentleman, conducted them to the chamber doore where Francesco lay, whom they found in secret meditation with himselfe: therefore they stayed, and were silent Auditors to his passions: the first word they heard him breathe out with a sigh, was this,

*Souffrir me plaist, car l'espair me conforter.*

And with that taking a Citterne in his hand, saying this note,

*Pour paruenir I endure.*

Hē warbled out this Ode.

Francescoes Ode.

**V**hen I looked about the place  
Where sorrow nurseth vp disgrace,

Wrapt

Wrapt with a folde of cares,  
 Whose distresse no hart spares:  
 Eyes might looke, but see no light,  
 Heart might thinke, but no despight,  
 Sunne did shine, but not on me,  
 Sorrow said, it may not bee,  
 That heart or eie should once possesse  
 Any falue to cure distresse:  
 For men in prison must suppose,  
 Their couches are the beds of woes:  
 Seeing this, I sighed then,  
 Fortune thus should punish men.  
 But when I cald to mind her face,  
 For whose loue I brooke this place,  
 Starry eies, whereat my sight  
 Did eclipse with much delight,  
 Eies that lighten, and do shine,  
 Beames of loue that are diuine,  
 Lilly cheeke whereon beside,  
 Buds of Roses shew their pride,  
 Cherry lipps, which did speake  
 Words that made all harts to breake:  
 Words most sweet, for breath was sweet,  
 Such perfumes for loue is meete:  
 Precious words, as hard to tell,  
 Which more pleased, wit or smell.  
 When I saw my greatest paines  
 Grow for her that beauty stains,  
 Fortune thus I did reprooue.  
 Nothing grieffull growes from loue,

Hauing thus chaunted ouer his Ode, he heard the chamber  
 dore open, whereupon he grew melancholie; but when he saw  
 the goddesse of his affection, on whose constant loyalty depended  
 the essence of his happiness, he started vp, as when lone-sicke  
 Mars salue Venus entring his pavilion in triumph, entertaining  
 them all generally with such assabilitie, and her particularly  
 with such courtesie, that he shewed himselfe as full of vertures  
 as of nature. Interchange of entertainment thus past betwene  
 these

these two louers, as well with emphasis of wordes as extasie of  
 mindes, concluding with streames of patheticall teares. The  
 Mayo: at last entred parley, and tolde Francesco, though his  
 Father in lawe had alleadged felonie against him, yet because  
 he perceiued that it rather proceded of some secret reuenge, then  
 any manifest truth, and that no further evidence came to cen-  
 sure the allegation, he was content to let him at libertie, condi-  
 tionally, Francesco should give his hand to bee answerable to  
 what hereafter in that behalfe might bee obiected against him.  
 These conditions accepted, Francesco was set at liberty, and he  
 and Isabell ioynly together taking themselves to a little Cot-  
 tage, began to be as Ciceronicall as they were amorous: with  
 their hands thirst coueting to satisfie their hearts thirst, and to  
 be as diligent in labours, as they were affectionate in loues: so  
 that the parish wherein they lived, so affected them for the course  
 of their life, that they were counted the very mirrors of a De-  
 mocraticall methode: for he being a Scholler, and murr vp in  
 the Universities, resolued rather to live by his witte, then any  
 way to be pinched with want, thinking this olde sentence to bee  
 true, That wishers and woudlers were never good housholders,  
 therefore he applied himselfe in teaching of a Schole, where,  
 by his industry, he had not onely great fauour, but gat wealth to  
 withstand fortune. Isabell, that shee might sarme no lesse profit-  
 able then her husband carefull, fell to her needle, & with her worke  
 sought to preue at the iurie of necessitie. Thus they laboured  
 to maintaine their loues, being as busie Bas:, and as true as  
 Turtles, as desirous to satisfie the woldes with their desert, as  
 to seede the humours of their owne desires. Living thus in a  
 league of united vertues, out of this mutuall concorde of confir-  
 med perfection, they had a Sonne answerable to their owne pro-  
 portion, which did increase their amitie, so as the sight of their  
 young infant was a double ratifying of their affection. Fortune  
 and loue thus ioyning in league to make these parties to forget  
 the stormes that had nipp'd the blossomes of their former yeres,  
 addicted to the content of their loues this conclusion of blisse. Af-  
 ter the terme of six yeres, Segnior Fregoso hearing by sundrie  
 reports the same of their forwardnesse, how Francesco couched  
 to be most louing to his daughter, and shee most dutifull to him;

and

and both strive to excede one another in leualtie, glad at this mutuall agrément, he fell from the surie of his somer melancholy passions, and satisfied himselfe with a contented patience, that at last he directed letters to his Sonne in Law; that he shoulde make repaire to his house with his daughter. Whiche newes was no sooner come to the eares of this married couple, but prouiding for all thinges necessarie for the furniture of their voyage, they posted as fast as they could to waides Caerbrancke, where spedily arryng at their Fathers house, they found such friendly entertainment at the old mans hand, that they counted this smile of Fortune able to counteruaile all the contrarie to mes, that the aduerse planets had inflicted vpon them.

Seated thus, as they thought, so surely, as no sinistre chance, or dismall influence might remoue; She that is constant in nothing but inconstancie, beganne in airc skie to produce a tempest.

It so chanced that Francesco had necessarie busynesse to dispatch at the chiese Cittie of that Land, called Troynouant, thither with the leue of his Father, and farewell to his wife, he departed, after they were married seauen yeare: where, after he was arriuied, knowing that he shoulde make his abode there for the space of somenine weekes, he sold his horse, and hired him a chamber, earnestly endeauouring to make spedie dispatch of his affaires, that he might the sonder enioy the sight of his desired Isabell; for did he see any woman beautifull, he viewed her with a sgh, thinking how far his wife did surpass her in excellency: were the modesty of any woman well noted by her vertuities, it grieved him he was not at home with his Isabell, who did excell them all in vertuies.

Thus he construed all to her perfection, having re vacant time neither day nor night, wherein he did not ruminante on the perfection of Isabel, As thus his thoughts were diuided on his lassenesse, and on his wife, lookeing one day out at his Chamber windowe, he espied a young Gentlewoman which looked out at a casement right opposite agaist his prospect, who set her eyes by pen him with such cunning, and artificiall glances, as she strewed in them a chalke vistaine, and yet a modell desire. Where (by the way Gentlemen) let me say thus much; that ere

Curtizans of Troyuant, are farr superiour in artificiall allure-  
ment to them of all the worlde: for although they have not the  
painting of Italie, nor the charmes of France, nor the Jewels of  
Spaine, yet they haue in their eies Adamants, that will drawe  
youth as the Jeat the straw, or the sight of the Panther the crnly:  
their lokes are like lures that will reclaine, and like Cyrces ap-  
paritions, that can represent in them all motions: they containe  
modestie,mirth, chastity,wantomesse, and what not: and she that  
holdeth in her eie most civility, hath oft in her hart most dishonesty,  
being like the pyxit stone,that is fire without and frost withir.  
Such a one was this merry minion, whose honesty was as choice  
as Venus chastity, being as faire as Helena, and as faithlesse; as  
well featured as Cressida, and as crafty: having an eie for every  
passenger, a sigh for every louer, a smile for every one thabald  
his bonnet: and because she loued the game well, a quiver for eue-  
ry Woodmans arrow. This curtizan, seeing this country Fran-  
cesco was no other but a mere nouice, and that so newby, that to  
use the olde prouerbe, he had scarce scene the Lions. She thought  
to intrap him, and so arrest him with her amorous glances, that  
she shold wring him by the purse: wherupon every day she would  
stand out at her casement and there discouer her beauties. Fran-  
cesco, who was like the Fly that delighted in the flame, and coueted  
to feed with his eie on this beauteous Curtizan, tilted at her with  
inter change of glances, and one a day to try the finenesse of his  
wit, with a poeticall fury, began thus to make a Canzone.

## CANZONE.

As when the Sunne sate lordly in his pride,  
Not shadowed with the vaile of any cloude,  
The welkin had no rackinge that seem'd to glide,  
No dusky vapour did bright Phœbus shroude  
No blemish did eclipse the beauteous skie,  
From setting forth heauens secret serching eie  
No blustering wind did shake the shadie trees,  
Each leafe lay still and silent in the wood,  
The birds were musicall; the labouring Bees,  
That in the summer heaps their winters good,

plied

Plied to the hives sweet honey from those flowers,  
Whereout the Serpent strengthens all his powers.  
The Lyon layd and stretcht him in the lawnes,  
No storne did holde the Leopard from his pray,  
The fallow fieldes were full of wanton Fawnes,  
The plow-swaines neuer saw a fairer day:

For euer beast and bird did take delight,  
To see the quiet heauens to shine so bright.

When thus the windes lay sleeping in the Caues,  
The ayre was silent in her concave spheare,  
And *Neptune* with a calme did please the flauies,  
Ready to wash the neuer drenched Beare,

Then did the change of my affeets begin,  
And wanton Loue assaid to snare me in.

Leaning my backe against a lofty pine,  
Whose top did checke the pride of all the ayre :  
Fixing my thoughts, and with my thoughts, mine eyns,  
Vpon the Sun, the fairest of all faire :

What thing made God so faire as this, quoth I?

And thus I muzde vntill I darkt mine eye.

Finding the Sun too glorious for my sight,  
I glanct my looke to shun so bright a lampe :  
With that appeard an obiect twice as bright,  
So gorgeous as my senses all were dampft,

In *Ida* richer beauty did not win

When louely *Venus* shew'd her siluer skin.  
Her pace was like to *Innoes* pompous straines,  
When as she sweepes through heauens brasie-paued way,  
Her front was powdred through with azurd vaines,  
That twixt sweet Roses and faire Lillies lay:

Reflecting such a mixture from her face,

As tainted *Venus* Beautie with disgrace:

*Artophylax* the brightest of the starres,  
Was not so orient as her christall eyes,  
Wherin triumphant late both Peace and Wars,  
From out whose arches such sweet fauour flies,

As might reclaime *Mars* in his highest rage,

At beauties charge his fury to asswage.

The Diamond gleames not more reflecting lights,  
 Painted with fiery pyramides to shine,  
 Than are those flames that burnish in our sights,  
 Darting fire out the christall of her eyne,  
 Able to set *Narcissus* thoughts on fire,  
 Although he swore him foe to sweete desire;  
 Gazing vpon this Lemman with mine eye,  
 I fel my sight vaile bonet with her lookes,  
 So deepe a passion to my hart did flie,  
 As I was trapt within her luring lookes,  
 Fore't to confess before that I had done,  
 Her beauty far more brighter then the Sun.

Francesco having thus in a poeticall humour pleased his fancie, when his leisure serued him, would, to make proesse of his constancie, interchange amorous glances with this faire Cuttizan, whose name was Infida, thinking his inward affections were so surely grounded on the vertues of his Isabell, that no exterior proportion could effect any passion to the contrary: but at last he found by experiance, that the fairest blossomes are soneſt nupt with froſts, the best fruite ſoneſt touched with Caterpillers, and the ripeſt wittes moſt apt to bee ouerthowne by loue. Infida taught him with her lookes to learne this, that the eye of the Basiliske pierceth with preiudice: that the iuyce of Celidomie is ſweet, but it fretteth deadly: that Circes cupes were too ſtrong for all Antidotes, and womenſ flatteries too forceable to reſiſt at voluntarie: for ſhe ſo ſnares him in her perfection, in ſo much that he thought her ſecond to Isabel, if not ſuperior. Dallying thus with beautie, as the flie in the flame: Venus willing to ſhewe howe forceable her influence was ſo temyred with opportunity, that as Francesco walked abroad to take the ayre, he met with Infida gadding abroad with certaine her companions, who like blazing Starres ſhewed the markes of inconstant minions; for ſhe noe ſoner drewe neere Francesco, but dying her face with a Vermillion bluſh, and in a wanton eye hiding a fained modēſty, ſhe ſaluted him with a lowe courteſie. Segnior Francesco that could well ſkill to court all kinde of degrēes, leſſe he might then be thought to haue little manners, returning, not onely

onely her courtesies with his bonnet , but taking Infida by the hand began thus : Faire Mistresse, and if mine eye be not deceived in so bright an obiect; mine ouerthwart neighbour, hauing often scene with delight, and coueted with desire to bee acquainted with your swete selfe, I cannot now but gratulate fortune with many thankes , that hath offered such fitte opportunity to bring me to your presence , hoping I shall find you so friendly, as to craue that we may be more familiar. She that knew how to entertaine such a young nouice , made him this cunning reply . And rede sir , neigborhode craues charitie , and such affable Gentlemen as your selfe deserues rather to be entertained with courtesie, than reected with disdaine. And therefore sir , what priuate friendshipe mine honour or honesty may afford, you aboue all (that hitherto I haue knowne ) shall command. Then Mistresse (quoth he ) for that every man counts it credite to haue a patronesse of his fortunes , and I am a mere stranger in this city , let me finde such favour , that all my actions may bee shrowded vnder your excellency, and carry the name of your Servant , ready for requitall of such gracious countenance , to unsheathe my sworde in the defence of my Patronesse for ever. She that had her humour fittid with this motion , answered thus , with a loke that had beeне able to haue forced Troylus to haue beeне trothlesse to his Cressida : How kindly I take it Seignour Francesco , for so I understand your name , that you proffer your seruice to so meane a Mistresse , the effectuall fauour that shall , to my poore abilitie gratifie your courtesie, shall manifest how I account of such a friend. Therefore from henceforth Infida entertaines Francesco for her servant : and I (quoth he ) accept of the beauteous Infida as my Mistresse. Upon this they fell into other amorous prattle which I leauie off, and walke abroade while it was dinner time. Francesco still hauing his eye vpon his new mistresse, whose beauties hee thought, if they were equally tempered with vertues , to exceed all that yet his eye had made survey of. Doating thus on this new face with a new fancy , he often wrong her by the hand , and brake off his sentences, with such deepe sighes, that she perceiued by the weather-cocke where the winde blew : returning such amorous passours, as she seemed as much entangled, as he was encouered

Well, thinking now that she had baited her hooke, she would not cease while she had fully caught the fish, shee beganne thus to lay the traine. When they were come neare to the Citty gates, she stayed on a suddaine, and straining him hard by the hand, and glauncing a looke from her eyes, as if she would both shew fauor and craue affection, shee beganne thus smilingly to assault him.

Seruant, the Lawyers say, the *assumſit* is neuer god, where the partie gives not somewhat in consideration, that service is boyde, where it is not made fass by some ffe. Lest therefore your eye should make your minde variable, as mens thoughts follow their sights, & their looks wauer at the excellencye of new obiects, and so I loose such a seruant: to tye you to a stake with an earnest, you shall be this day my guest at dinner: then if heereafter you forgoſt your missis, I shall appeale at the barre of loyaltye, and so condemne you of lightnesse, Francesco that was tyed by the eye, and had his hart on his halfe peny, could not deny her, but with many thankes accepted of her motion, so that agreed, they went all to Infidaes house to dinner, where they had such chare, as could vpon the sodaine bee prouided. Infida giuing him such friendly and familiar entertainment at his repast, as well with swēt prattle, as with amorous glances, that hee rested captive within the labyrinth of flatteries. After dinner was done, that shee might tye him from startynge, she thought to set all her wits vp on Ela. Therefore shee tooke a lute in her hand, and in an angelical harmony warbled out this conceited Ditty.

*Infidaes Song.*

**S**weet Adon darſt not glance thine eye,  
*N' oſeres vous, mon bel amy,*  
 Vpon thy Venus that must die?  
*Le vous en prie, pitty me:*  
*N' oſeres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
*N' oſeres vous, mon bel amy.*

See how ſad thy Venus lies,  
*N' oſeres vous, mon bel amy,*  
 Loue in heart, and teares in eyes,

*Le vous en prie, pitty me:*

*N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*

*N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.*

Thy face is faire as *Paphos brookes*,

*N' oseres vous, mon bel amy,*

Wherein fancy baites her hooches,

*Le vous en prie, pitty me:*

*N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*

*N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.*

Thy cheeke like cherries that do grow,

*N' oseres vous, mon bel amy,*

Amougst the Westerne Mounts of snow.

*Le vous en prie, pitty me:*

*N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*

*N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.*

Thy lips vermillion full of loue,

*N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.*

Thy necke as siluer, white as doue,

*Le vous en prie, pitty me:*

*N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*

*N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.*

Thine eyes like flames of holy fires,

*N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.*

Burnes al my thoughts with sweet desires,

*Le nous en prie, pitty me:*

*N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*

*N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.*

All thy beauties sting my hart,

*N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.*

I must die through *Cupids dart*,

*Le vous en prie, pitty me:*

*N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*

*N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.*

Greenes neuertoo late.

Wilt thou let thy *Venus* die,  
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy,  
Adon were vnkind say I,  
Le vous en prie, pitie me:  
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,  
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

To let faire *Venus* die for woe,  
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy,  
That doth loue sweet Adon so,  
Le vous en prie, pitty me:  
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,  
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

While thus Infida sung her song, Francesco sate, as if with  
Orpheus melody he had bene inchaunted, hauing his eyes fired  
on her face, and his eares attendant on her musick, so that he  
yeldeled to that Syren which after so'ct him to a fatall shipwracke.  
Infida laying away her Lute after, fell to other prattle. But  
because it grew late in the afternoon, Francesco that was cal-  
led away by his urgent affaires, tooke his leaue: whereat Infida  
seimed very melancholy, which made our young Scholler  
halse mad, yet with a solemine conge departing, he went about  
his busynesse: whereas our cunning Curtizan, seeing her nouice  
gone, began to smile, and sayd to her companions, that shee had  
made a god market that had caught such a tame fowle. Alas poore  
young Gentleman (quoth she) he is like to the leaues in Egypt,  
that as they spring without raine, so they burne at the sight of  
the fire: or to the Swallowes, that thinke euery Sunne-shine  
Sommers day. He was never long waiter in Venus Court,  
that counts every smile a fauour, & every laugh to bee true loue  
but it is no matter, hee hath store of pence, and I will sell him  
many passions, until I leaue him as empty of coyne, as my selfe  
is boord offancy. And thus leauing her iesting at her new inter-  
tained Servant, againe to Francesco, who after hee had made  
dispatch of his busynesse, got him home to his lodgung: where sit-  
ting solitary in his chamber, hee began to call to remembrance  
the perfections of his new Mistresse, the excellent proportion of  
her

her physnomy, her stature, voice, gesture, vertues (as he thought) ruminating vpon every part with a plaudite. At last, as he was in this pleasing suppose, he remembred his sweete Isabel, whose beauty and vertue was once so precious, that betwene his olde loue, and his new fancy, he fell into these passions. Ah Francesco, whither art thou carried with new conceites: shall thy fruits be more subiect to the Northerne blastes, then thy blossomes? shall thy middle age be more full of folly than thy tender yeres? wilt thou loue in thy youth, and lust when thy dayes are halfe spent? Men say that the Cedar, the elder it is, the straighter it growes; that Narcissus flowers, the higher they spring, the more glorious is their hew: and so shoulde Gentlemen, as they exced in yeares, excell in vertues: but thou (Francesco) art like to the Halciones, which being hatcht white as unlike grow to bee as blacke as Teat: the young Storkis haue a muscall voyce, but the olde a fearefull sound. When thou wert of small age, men honoured thee for thy qualties, and now in yeates, shall they hate thee for thy vices? But to what end tendes this large preamble to checke thy sondresse, that must leauue to loue, and learne to lust? What, leauue to loue Isabell, whose beautie is diuine, whose vertues rare, whose chastity loyall, whose constancy baitanted? And for whom? for loue of some vnknowne Curtizan. Consider this Francesco, Isabell for thy sake hath left her Parents, forsaken her friends: rejected the world, and was content rather to broke pouerty with thee, than possesse wealth with her Father. Is she not faire to content thine eye, vertuous to allure thy minde: Nay, is she not thy wife, to whom thou art bound by law, love, and conscience, and yet wilt thou start from her? what from Isabell? Didst thou not vowe that the heauens shoulde bee without lampes, the earth without beasts, the world without Elements, before Isabell shoulde be forsaken of her Francesco? And wilt thou proue as false as shee is faithfull? shall shee like Dido cry out against Eneas? like Phyllis against Demophoon? like Adriadne against Theseus, and thou bee cannonized in the Thronies, for a manfull of perury? Oh consider Francesco whom thou shalt lose if thou lossest Isabel, and what thou shalt gaine if thou winnest Infida: the one being a louing wife, the other a flattering Curtizan. Hast thou read Aristotle, and findest thou not

OCCASIONES RERUM TOTIUS MUNDI

not in his Philosophie, this sentence set downe?

*Omne animal irrationale ad suum similem diligendum  
naturam dicitur.*

And wilt thou that art a creature endued with reason, as thou art excelling them in wisedome, exceed them in vanities? Hast thou turned ouer the liberall Sciences as a schoeler, and amongst them all hast not found this generall principle, that vnity is the essence of amity; and yet wilt thou make a division in the greatest sympathy of al lones? Say Francesco, art thou a Christian, and hast tasted of the sweet fruits of Theology, and hast not read this in holy writ, pend downe by that miracle of wisedome Salomon, that hee which is wise shold reiect the strang woman, and not regard the swetnesse of her flattery.

Desire not the beauty of a strange woman in thine heart, nor bee not intrapped in her eye-lids:

For through a whorish woman, a man is brought to a morsell of bread, and a woman will hunt for the precious life of a man.

Can a man take fire in his bosome, and not be burnt? or can a man tred upon coales, and not be scorched?

So he that goeth to his neighbours wife shal not be innocent who souuer toucheth her.

Men doe not despise a theese when hee stealeth to satisfie his soule: but if he be found, he shall restore seauen folde, or give al the substance of his house.

But hee that committeth adultery with a woman is destitute of vnderstanding; he that doth it destroyeth his owne soule.

He shall finde a wound and dishonor, and his reproch shal never be put away.

If then Francesco, Theologie tels the such axioms, wilt thou striue against the streame, and with the Dere, fede against the winde? Wilt thou swallow vp sinne with greedinesse, that thou must bee punished without repentance? Pse Francesco, home to the wife of thy youth, and drinke the pleasant waters of thine owne Well. And what of all these frivilous circumstancess? Wilt thou measure every action with Philosophy, or every thought with diuinitie? Then shalt thou live in the world, as a man hated in the world. What Francesco, hee that is affraide of every bush, shall never prove god huntsman; and be that

that at every gulf puts to the Lie, shall neuer be god Pauigator. Thou art now Francesco, to be a Louer, not a Diuine, to measure thy affectiō by Ouids principles, not by rules of theo-logy, and time present wils thee to loue Infida, when thou canst not looke on Isabell, distance of place is a discharge of dutie, and men haue their faults, as they are full of fancies. What, the blinde eates many a sile, and much water runnes by the Mill that the Miller never knowes of, the euill that the eye sees not, the hart rues not, *Casta si non caute.* Thus Francesco, Isabell hath not Lynceus eyes, to see so farre. Therefore while thou art resident in London, enjoy the beauty of Infida, and when thou art at home, onely content thee with Isabell, so with a small fault shalt thou fully satisfie thine owne affections. Thus Francesco soothed himselfe, and did *In utramque aurem dormire*, caring little for his god, as long as he might please his newe Goddesse, and making noe exception of a wife, so he might bee accepted of his Paramour. To effect therefore the desired ende of his affeets, he made himselfe as neate and quaint as might bee, and bied him home to his new mistresse house, to put in practise that which himselfe had purposed: whither in the afternoone arruing, he understoode by her chamber maid that she was at home and solitary: by her therefore he was conducted to Infidas Clo-set, where he found her seeming melancholy, and thus awaked her from her dumps.

Faire Mistris haile to your person, quiet to your thoughtes, and content to your desires. At my first comming into your Chamber seeing you sit so melancholy, I thought either Diana late musing on the principles of her modestie, or Venus malcontent, dumping on her amours: for the shewe of your vertues represents the one, and the excellency of your beautie discouers the other: but at last, when the glister of your beautie surpassing them both, reflected like the pride of Phœbus on my face, I perceived it was my god Mistresse, that discontented late in her dumps; wherefore, as your bounden seruant, if either my word or sword may free you from these passions, I am here ready in all actions howsover prejudicall, to shewe the effect of my affection. Infida gladdē to see her Louer in this Labyrinth: wherein to binde him sure, she taking him by the hand, made

this willy answere.

Sweete servant, how discontent loeuere I see me, dismay not you: for your welcome is such as you can wish, or the sinceritie of my heart afford: wemens dumpes grow not euer of a preuidciall mishap, but oft times of some superficiall melancholy, inforsed with a frowne, and shaken off with a smile: having sorrowe in their faces, and pleasure in their heart: resembling the leaues of the Liquorice, that when they are most full of deawe without, are then most drie within. I tell you servant, women are willy cattell, and therefore haue I chosen so god a Heardsman as your selfe, that what our wantonnesse offendis, your wisedome may amend. But trust me Francesco, were I wronged by Fortune, or injured by any Poe, the promise of such a Champion were sufficient to arme me with disdain against both: but rest satisfied, your presence hath banished all passions, and therefore you may see servant, you are the Loadstone by whose vertue my thoughts take all their direction. Being thus pleasant, she set Francesco downe by her, and hand in hand interchanged amorous glances. But hee that was abashid to discouer his minde, in that some sparkes of honesty still remained in his heart, late tormented with loue and feare, prickt forward by the one to discourse his desires, kept backe by the other from btring his assertions. Thus in a quandary he late like one of Medulas changelings, till Infida seeing him in this suddeine amaze, began thus to shake him out of his passions.

Now Segnior Francesco, I see the olde adage is not alwaies true, *Consilenti nungnam capit dolus*: for you that earst alleaged persuasions of mirth, are now overgrownen with melancholy. When an extreme forme followes a pleasant calme, then the effects are metaphysicall, and where such a violent dumpe of cares is sequense to such an excesse of ioyes, either I must attrubute it to some apoplexe of sences, or some strange alteration of passions. Francesco, the ouen dampft vp hath the greatest heat; fire supprest is most forcible, the stremes stopt, either break through or overslowe, and sorrowes concealed, as they are most passionate, so they are most peremptory. What Francesco spit on thy hand, and lay holde on thy heart, one pound of care payes not an ounce of debt: a friend to reveale, is a mediciarie to relieue

relieuer discouer thy griefe, and if I bee not able to redresse with wealth, although what I haue is at thy commaund, yet I will attempt with counsaile, either to perswade the from passions, or intreate the to patience: say Francesco, and feare not, for as I will be a friendly counsellor, so I will be a faithfull concealer.

Our young Gentleman hearing Infida apply such lenitive plaisters to his cutting exrasies, thought the patient had great hope when the Phisition was so friendly; he therefore with a demure countenance beginning Louer-like his preamble with a deepe sigh coured her thus.

Faire Mistres (quoth he) if I faile in my speeches, thinke it is, because I faint in my passions, being as timorous to offend, as I am ambitious to attempt: when the obiect is offered to the sence, the sight is hindred, *Sensibile sensui oppositum, nulla sit sensatio:* Mars could never play the Drator, when hee wrong Venus by the hands: nor Tully tell his tale when his thoughts were in Terentiaes eyes: Louers are like to the Heban blossomes, that open with the deaw, and shut with the suime; so they in presence of their mistresse haue their tonges tied, and their eyes open, pleading with the one, and being silent in the other; which one describeth thus:

*Alter in alterius iactantes lumina vultus,*

*Querebant taciti noster ubi esset amor.*

Therefore sweet Infida, what my tongue bters not, thinke concerteid in my heart: and then thus: since first my god fortune, if thou fauourest me, or my aduersie destinies, if I finde thee contrary, brought me to Troyauant, and that these ouer-daring eyes were entertained into those gorgeous obiects, know, that Cupid lying at aduantage, so snared me in thy perfections, that ever since every sence hath rested imperfect. For when I markeid thy face, more beautesous than Venus, I surveyed it with a ligh, and mine eye purtrayed it with a passion: when I noted thy vertues, then my minde reseld captiue: when I heard thy wit, I did not onely wonder, but I was so wraught in the Labyrinth of thine excellencie, that no starre but Infida could be the guide whereby to direct my course. With then faire Mistresse, you, and none but you, haue robbed me of my affections, harbour not in such a swete body a hard heart, but doe me iustice, let me haue

Issue for me, lest I complaine my destynies to be equinalent to my destres, and think my fortunes to be sharper then my loues. Thinke, Infida, faults in affections are but slight follies: Venus hath shynes to shaddow her trewants, and Cupids winges are shelteres for such as venture too farre to content their thoughts. Hymes vnfene, are halfe pardoned, and Loue requires not chasttie, but that her Souldiers be charie. Then thinke (sweet Infida) if thou grant my desire, how care full I wil be of thy hono:, rather ready to abide the preindice of life, then to brokhe the disparagement of thy fame: In liew therefore of my loyall seruice, grapt me that sweet gift, which as it begins in amity, can no way take end but in death: otherwise I shal bee forced to accuse my fortunes, accuse my frowardnesse, and expect no other hap but a life full of miseries, or a death full of martyrdome. With thig passion ending his plea, he dissolued into such sighes, that it disquered his inward affection, not to be lesse then his outward protestation.

Infida noting the perpleritie of her Lover, conceited his grief with great ioy: yet that she might not be thought too forwarde, shē seemed thus froward: and though her thoughts were more than his desires, and that her minde was no lesse than his moti: on, yet pulling her hand frō his, she made this frowning reply.

What Francesco, when the Tyger hunteth for his prey, doth he then hide his clawes: Is the Pyxit stome then most hotte, when it loketh most cold: Are men so subtile, that when they seeme most holy, they are farthest from God: can they vnder the shadow of vertue couer the substance of vanitie, and like Janus be double faced, to present both faith and flattery: I had thought (seruant) when I entertained thee for thy courtesie, I shoulde not haue had occasion to shake thee off for thy boldnesse, nor when I likt thee for thy affable simplicitie, I shoulde haue disliked thee for thy secret subtily: What, Francesco to desire such a graunt as may, if thou wert wise, neither stand with thy honestie to intend, nor with my honour to effect. Tell me Francesco, hath either my countenance bin so curteous that it might promise such small curiositie, or my looke so lasciuious that thou myghtest hope to finde me so lauish, or my actions so wauering, or my dispositi: on so full of vanity, that my hono: might seeme sone to be assaul: ted

ted, and some sacked. If I haue (Francesco) bin faulty in these sol-  
lies, then will I seek to amend, wherein thou saies I haue made  
offence: if not, but that thou thinkest, soz that I am a woman, I  
am easie to be won with promises of loue, and protestations of  
loyaltie, thou art (Sweet servant) in a wrong boxe, & sittest farre  
beside the cushion: for I passe of my honor more then life, and co-  
uet rather to haue the title of honestie, then the dignitie of a di-  
adem: cease then, unlesse theu wilt surcease to haue my fauor, &  
content thy selfe with this, that Infida allowes of the soz loue not soz  
lust, & yet if she shoule tread her shooe awry, would rather yeld  
the spoyle of her honor to her servant, than to the greatest prince  
of the world. Francesco though he was a novice in these affaires,  
and was nipp'd on the head with this sharpe repulse, yet he was  
not so to take the shewe for the first storne, nor so ill a wood-  
man to giue ouer the chace at the first default, but that he pro-  
secuted his purpose thus. I am sorrie (faire goddesse of my deuoti-  
on) if my presumption hath giuen any offence to my sweete mi-  
stresse, for rather then I shoule but procure a frowne in her soz  
head, I would haue a deepe wound in my owne hart; coueting  
rather to supprese my passions with death, then to disparage my  
credite with so good a patronesse. Therefore though my destnies  
be extreme, my affections great, and my loues such as can take  
no end but in your fauours, yet I rest vpon this, Infida hath  
commantaded me to cease, and I wil not dare so much as to pro-  
secute my suite, although every passion shoule be a purgatorie,  
and every dayes denyall a moneths punishment in hell: with  
that he set downe this period with such a sigh that, as the Parri-  
ners say, a man would haue thought al would haue split againe.  
This cumming Curtizan being afraid, with this checke to haue  
quatted the queasie stomacke of her louer, desirous to drawe to  
her that with bothe handes, whiche she had thrust awaye with her  
little finger, began to be pleasant with Francesco thus.

What servant, are you such a fresh water Shouldier, that you  
faint at the first skirmish: feare not man, you haue not to deale  
with Mars, but with Venus; and her darts of deniall, as they  
pricke sharpe, so they pierce little, and thunderbolts doe affright,  
not prejudice. Feare not man, a womans hart and her tongue,  
are not relatives: tis not euer true, that what the hart think-

eth the tongue clacketh. Venus flormes are tempted with Rose-water, and when she hath the greatest wrinkle in her browe, then hath she the sweetest dumple in her chinne: be blith man, a faint heart never won faire Lady. Francesco hearing his Mistresse thus pleasant, took Opportunity by the forehead, and dealt so with his Isilda, that before he went all was well, she blusht not, nor he basht, but both made by their market with a faire of kisses: which sympathy of affections bred the pore Gentleman's overthrow; for he was so snared in the wily trammels of her alluring flattery, that neither the remembrance of his Isabel, the care of his childe, the fauours of his friends, or the feare of diffrete, coulde in any wise hale him from that hell, whereinto, through his owne folly, he was fallen.

Wher by the way (Gentlemen) let vs note the subtiltie of these Syrens, that with their false harmonie perswade, and then prejudice, who bewitch like Calypso, and enchant like Circes, carrying a shew, as if they were Vestals, and could with Amulia carry water in a steele, when they are flat Cutisians, as far from honesty, as they are from deuotion. At the first, they carrie a faire shew, resembling Calisto, who hid her vanities with Dianaes veile, hausing in their lokes a cop disdain, but in their harts a hot desire, denping with the tongue, and enticing with their lookes, rejecting in words, and alluring in gestures; and such a one (Gentlemen) was Isilda, who so plied Francesco with her flattering favnes, that as the yron followes the Adamant, the straw the Ieat, and the Helitropian the heames of the Sunne, so his actions were directed after her eye, and what she said stood for a principle, insomuch, that he was not onely ready in all submis humours to please her fancies, but willing for the least word of offence, to drawe his weapon against the stoutest Champion in all Troyuant. Thus seated in her beauty, he liued a long while, forgetting his retурne to Caerbraucke, till on a day sitting musing with himselfe, hee fell into a deepe consideration of his former fortunes and present follies: whereupon taking his Lute in his hand, hee sung this Roundelay.

Francesco

## Francescoes Ronndelay.

**S**itting and sithing in my secret muse,  
As once *Apollo* did, surprise with loue,  
Noting the slippery wayes yong yeares do vle,  
What fond affects the prime of youth doth moue,  
With bitter teares despairing I do cry,

Woe wþrþ the faults and follies of mine eye.

When wanton age, the blossomes of my time,  
Drew me to gaze vpon the gorgeous sight,  
That beautie pompous in her highest prime,  
Presents to tangle men with sweet delight,

Then with despairing teares my thoughts do cry,  
Woe wþrþ the faults and follies of mine eye.

When I surueyde the riches of her looks,  
Whereout flew flames of neuer quencht desire,  
Wherin lay baits that *Venus* scatters with hooke  
Or where prowde *Cupid* sate all arm'd with fire:

Then toucht with loue my inward soule did cry,  
Woe wþrþ the faults and follies of mine eye.

The milke-white *Galaxto* on her browe,  
Where loue doþ dance *Lambras* of his skill,  
Like to the Temple wheretru louers vowe,  
To follow what thof please their Middis will,  
Noting her Thoþy frþnt: now doe I cry,  
Woe wþrþ the faults and follies of mine eye.

Her facelike siluet *Zama* in her flame,  
All tainted through with bright vermilion braunes,  
Like Lillies dipt in *Bacchus* choycest wine,  
Powdred and interseamed with azur'd vaines,  
Delighting in their pride;now may I cry,  
Woe wþrþ the faults and follies of mine eye.

The golden wyres that checkers in the day,  
Inferior to the tressles of her haire,  
Her Amber trammels did my hart dismay,  
That when I lookt, I durst not ouer-dare:  
Proude of her, now am I forst to cry,  
Woe worth the faults and and follies of mine eye,

These fading beauties drew me vnto sin,  
Natures great riches framde my bitter ruth,  
These were the traps that loue did snare me in,  
Oh these, and none but these haue wrackt my youth,  
Misled by them, I may despairing cry,  
Woe wordi the faults and follies of mine eye.

By these I slipt from vertues holy tracke,  
That leades vnto the highest Christall Spheare,  
By these I fell to vanity and wracke,  
And as a man forlorne with sin and feare:  
Despair and sorrow doth constraine me cry,  
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Although this sonnet was of his ready inuention, and that he uttered it in the bitternes of mind, yet after he had pass ouer his melancholy, and from his solitary was fallen into company, he so gath his patheticall impression of vertue, and like the dog did *redire ad vomitum*, and fell to his owne vomite, resembling those Grecians, that with Ulysses drinking of Circes drugges, lost both forme and memorie. Well, his affaires were done, his horse tolde and no other busynesse nowe rested to hinder him from hyming home, but his misstrise, which was such a violent detainer of his person, and thoughts, that there is noe heauen but Infidaes house, where although he pleasantly entred in with delight, yet cowardly he slipt away with repentance. Well, leaving him to his new loues, at last to Isabel, who daily expected the coming home of her best beloued Francesco; thinking every houre a yere, till she might see him, in whom rested all her content. But when (poore soule) she could neither se de her sight with his presence,

sence, nor his eares with his letters, she began to lowre, & grewe so discontent, that she fell into a feuer. Fortunethat meant to try her patience, thought to proue her with these tragical newes. It was told her by certaine Gentlemen her friends, who were her husbands private familiars, that he meant to soiourn most part of the yeare in Troyonuant: one blunt fellow amongst the rest that was plaine and without fальshode, tolde her the whole cause of his residence, how he was in loue with a most beautifull Gentlewoman called Infida, and that so deepeley, that no perswasion might reuoke him from that alluring Curtizan. At this Isabell made no account, but tooke it as a fruolous tale, and thought the worse of such as buzzed such fantasticall follies into her eares: but when the generall report of his demeanors were bruted abroad throughout all Caeibrancke, then with blushing cheakes, she hid her face, and grieuing at his follies and her one sortunes, smothered the flames of her sorowes with inward conceit, but outwardly withold such insatrical tearmes as did impeigh against the honestie of Francesco, so that the wonne great commendations of all for her loyaltie and constancy: yet when shē was gotten secret by her selfe, her heartfull of sorrowfull passions, and her eyes full of teares, she began to meditate with herselfe of the prime of her youth vowed to Francesco, how she forsooke, Father, friends, and Country, to be a paramour unto her harts paragon. The bowes he made, when he caried her away in the night, the solemne promises and protestations that were bitered. When she had pondred all these things, then she called to minde Aneas, Demophoon, and Theseus, and matcht them with Dido, Phillis, and Ariadne, and at last, sighed thus: And shall it bee so betwene Isabell and Francesco? No, thinke not so (fond woman) let not tealoufie blind thee, whom loue hath indued with such piercing insight: for as there in no content to the swētnesse of loue, so there is no despaire to the preuidice of caloufie: whereupon to shaks off all faneles, she tooke her Citterne in her hand, and sung this verse out of Ariosto.

*Che più felice è pui inenundo stato,  
Che viner pui dolce è pui beato,  
Sarri desernire uno amoroso cuore*

Che d'esser in servitud' amore,  
Se non fuisse huomo sempre stimulato,  
Da quella rivo timore, da quella frenezia,  
Da quella rabbia, della celozia.

Yet as women are constant, so they are easie to beléue, especially truth, and so it fell out with Isabell, for shē (poore soule) could take no rest, her head was so troubled with these newes, hammering a thousand humors in her brayne, how shē might know the certainty of his follies, and how shē might reclame him from his new entaind affection. She considered with her selfe, that men allure Doves by the beautie of the house, and reclaine Hawkes by the fairenes of the lure, and that loue ioyned with vertue, were able to recall the most stragling Aneas to make sailes againe to Carthage. Tush (quoth shē to her selfe) suppose hē be faine in loue with a curtizan, & that beautie hath giuen him the braue: what, shall I vitterly condemne him? No: as he was not the first, so he shall not be the last. What, youth will haue his swinge, the briar wil be full of prickels, the nettle will haue his sting, and youth his amours: men must loue, and will lous, though it be both agaynst law and reason; a crooked sien will proue a straight tree, the Juniper is lower when it is a twig, and swete when it is a tree: time changeth manners, and Francesco, when he entreth in't the condition of a flattering Curtizan, wil forsake her, and returne penitent & more louing to his Isabell. Thus like a god wife she construed all to the best: yet shē thought to put him in mind of his returne, and therfore she wrot him a letter to this effect.

Isabel to Francesco, health.

If Penelope longed for her Ulysses, thinke Isabel wilsheth for her Francesco, as loyall to thē as she was constant to the wilie Greekke, and no lesse desirous to see thē in Caerbrankes than shē to enjoy his presence in Ithaca, watering my cheakes with as many teares, as shē her face with plaints: yet my Francesco, hoping I haue no such cause as shē, to increase her cares,

for I haue such resolution in thy constancy, that no Circes with all her inchauntments, no Calypso with all her sorceries, no Syren with all her melodies could peruert thee from thinking on thine Isabel. I know Francesco, so deeply hath the faithfull promise and loyal vovels made and interchanged between vs taken place in thy thoughts, that no time how long soeuer, no distane of place, howsoeuer different, may alter that impression. But why do I inserre this nedlesse insinuation to him, that no vanity can alienate from vertue: let me Francesco, perswade thee with other circumstances. First my sweet, thinke how thine Isabell lies alone, measuring the time with sighs, and thine absence with passions, counting the day dismal, and the night ful of sorrowes, being every way discontent, because she is not content with her Francesco. The onely comfort that I haue in thine absence is thy childe who lies on his mother's knee, and smiles as wantonly as his father when he was a woor. But when the boy sayes, Mam, where is my Dad, when wil he come home? Then the calme of my content, turneth to a present storne of piercing sorrow, that I am forced sometime to say: Unkinde Francesco, that forgets his Isabell. I hope Francesco, it is thine affaires, not my faults that procureth this long delay. For if I knew my follies did any way offend thee, to rest thus long absent, I would punish my selfe both with outward and inward penance. But howsoeuer, I pray for thy health, and thy speedy returne, and so Francesco farewell.

Thine more then her owne *Isabell.*

**S**He hauring finished her letters, conueied the spedily to Troyes, where they were deliverner to Francesco, who receiving them with a blush, went into his study, & there unscript the seales with a sigh, perceiving by the contents that Isabell had an inkling of his unkinde loves, which draue him into a great quandary, that deepe entring into the insight of his lasciuious life, he began to feele a remorse in his conscience, how grievously he had offended her that had so faithfully loued him. Oh, quoth he, shall I be so ingrate as to quittance affection with fraude? So unkinde as to weigh downe loue with discortesie? so giue her a weede that presents me a flower, and to beate her with nets,

The first part.

fles, that perfumes me with Roses: consider with thy selfe Francesco, how deeply thou dost sin. First thou offendest thy God in choosing so wanton a Goddess: then thou dost wrong thy wife, in preferring an inconstant Curtizan before so faithfull a Paramour: yet Francesco, thy Haruest is in the grass, thou mayst stop at the brim, because thou hast never touched the bottome. What: men may fall, but to wallow in wickednesse is a double fault. Therefore recall thy selfe, reclaine thy affections: Is not thine Isabell as faire? Oh if she be not, yet is she more vertuous, Is not Isabell so witty as Infida? Oh, but she is more constant, & then art thou so mad, to preferre drosse before gold, a common flint before a choice diamond, vice before vertue, fading beauty before the excellent inward qualities? No, shake off these follies, and say both in mouth and heart, none like Isabell. This he saide by him selfe, but when he went forth of his Chamber, and espied his Mistris looking out at her windowe, all this gerte changed, and the case was altered: shee called, and in hee must, and there in a ieast scofft at his wines letters, taking his Infida in his armes, and saying, I will not leauue this Troy for the chaste Penelope in the world,

Thus he soothed himselfe in the sweetnesse of his sin, resembling the Leopards that sied on Mariozam while they die, or the people Hyperborei, that sit so long and gaze against the Sunne till they become blind: so he doated on the perfection of Infida till it grew to his bitter preindice; for no reason could diuert him fro his damned intent, so had he drowned himselfe in the degress of lust: insomuch that hee courted it no sin to offend with so faire a Saint: alluding to the saying of the holy Father:

*Confusando peccandi tollit sensum peccati.*

Thus did these two continue in the Sympathie of these sins, while Isabell rested her at home, content in this, that at last he would be reclaimed, and till then she would vse patience, seeing *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via*. Wallowing thus in the folds of their owne follies, Fortune that meant to experiance the force of lone dealt thus conceitedly. After these two Lovers had by the space of thrie yeares securely slumbered in the sweetnes of their pleasures, and drunk with the surfeit of content, thought no other heauen but their owne supposed happiness: as every storm hath

hath his calme , and the greatest sypping tide the deadest ebbe , so  
sared it with Francesco : for so long went the pot to the water,  
that at last it came broken home , and so long put he his hand in-  
to his purse, that at last the empty battome returned him a witt  
of *Non est innatus* : for well might the Diuell daunce there , for  
ever a crosse there was to kepe him backe .

Well , this louer fuller of passions than of pence , began (when  
he entred into the consideration of his owne estate) to mourne  
of the chyne , and to hang the lip as one that for want of sounding  
had stroke himselfe vpon the hands : yet he couered his inward  
sorrow with outward smiles , and like Janus , presented his Mi-  
stris with a merry looke , when the other side of his visage was  
full of sorowes . But she that was as god as a touch-stone to  
try mettals , could strait spie by the laast where the shooe win-  
ged him : and seeing her Francesco was almost soundred , thought  
to see if a skilful Farriar might mend him : if not , like an unthak-  
full Hackney man , she meant to turne him into the bare Leas , &  
set him as a tired Jade to picke a hallet .

Upon which determination , that she might do nothing rashly , she made inquiry into his estate , what liuings he had , what  
Lands to sel , how they were , either tied by Statute , or intailed .  
At last , through her secreit and subtile inquisition , she found that  
all his come was on hys flore , that his sheepe were clipt , & the wo-  
fold : to be short , that what he had by his wife could neither bee  
sold nor morgaged , and what he had of his owne , was spent vpon  
her , that nothing was left for him to liue vpon but his wits . This  
newes was such a cooling card to this Curtizan , that hys extreme  
heathe of her loue was already growne to be luke warme : which  
Francesco might easily perceiue : for at his arrivall , his welcome  
was more strange , her looks more coy , his fare more slender ,  
her glances lesse amorous : and she seemed to be Iasida in propor-  
tion but not in wanted passions .

[This uncouth disdaine made Francesco maruel whiche yet had  
not entred into her deceits , nor ( being simple of himselfe ) had  
ever yet experient a strumpets subtily : he imputed therefore his  
misticke coinesse to the distemperature of her body , and thought  
that being not well , it was no wonder though she gaue him the  
lesse welcome .

Thus p<sup>r</sup>re nouse did he consider every thing to the best vntil time presented him with the truth of the worst : for in short tyme , his Hostes called for mony , his creditoris threatened him with an arrest , his cloathes want th<sup>e</sup>re bare ; and there was no more coytie in the mynt to amend them . Where, vpon a day , st<sup>t</sup>ting in a great dump by his Infida , who was as solemme as he was sorrowfull , he burst forth into these speches .

I haue read (swerte Loue) in the Aphorismes of Philosophers that heat suppressed is more violent , the stremme stopt makes the greater deluge , and passions concealed procure the deeper sorrowes . Then if *Contrariorum contraria est ratio* , there is no thinge better than a bosome friend , with whome to confer vpon the iniurie of Fortune ; Finding my selfe ( Infida ) full of Pachimie as stung to the quicke , muuened with the Tarantula of heart-sickke tormentis , I thinke no medicine fitter for my malady than to bee cured by the musicall harmony of thy friendly counsaile . Know then Infida , that Troyouant is a place of great experiance , like the serpent Hidaspis , that the more it sucks , the more it is a thirst , eating men aliuie as the Crocodile : and being a place of as dangerous allurement , as the seat where the Syrens sit and chaunt their preindiciaall melody . It is to yong Gentle-men like the Labyrinth , wheresut Theseus could not get without a thred , but he re bee such monstros Minotaures , as first deuoure the thred , and then the person . The Innes are like Hosthouses , which by little and little sweat a man into a consumption : the Host he carries a pint of wine in the one hand , to welcome , but a poniard in the other to stab : and the Hostes she hath smiles in her forehead , and prouides god meate for her guests , but the sauce is costly , for it farre exceeds the rates . If coyne want , then eyther to Limbo , or els clap vp a commoditie ( if so much credite be left ) where he shall finde such knots , as he will never be able , without his bitter preuidice , to vntie . Brokers I leane them off , as to course ware to bee mouthed with an honest mans tongue . These Minotaures , faire Infida , haue so eaten me vp in this Labyrinth , as to bee plaine with thee that art my second selfe , I want , and am so farre indebted to the Mercer and urne Hostes , as either thou must stand my friend to disburse so much money for me , or else I must depart from Troyouant , and

so from thy sight, which how precious it is to me, I refer to thine owne conscience: or for an *Vlimum vale*, take vp my lodging in the Counter, which I know, as it would be uncouth to me, so it would bee greuefull to thee, and therefore now hangs my welfare in thy will. How loath I was to bttre unto thee my want and sorrow, measure by my loue who wish rather death then thy discontent.

Infida could scarce suffer him so long a period, and therefore with her forehead full of sorrowes, she made him this answer. And would you haue me ( sir ) buy an ounce of pleasure, with a tunne of mishaps, or reach after repentance with so high a rate: haue I lent thee the blossomes of my youth, & delighted thee with the prime of my yeres: hast thou had the spoile of my virginitie, and now wouldest thou haue the sacke of my substance? When thou hast withered my person, aydest thou at my welthe? No sir, no, know, that for the loue of thee, I haue crackt my credit, that never before was stayned. I cannot looke abroade without a blush, nor go with my neighbours without a frump, thou and thy name is euer cast in my dish, my foes laugh, and my friends sorrow to see my follies: wherefore seeing thou beginnest to picke a quarrel, and hereafter, when thine owne base Fortunes haue brought thee to beggary, wilt say that Infida cost thee so many Crownes, and was thine overthowe: auant Pouice, home to thine own wife, who (poore Gentlewoman) sits and wants what thou consumest at Tauerns. Thou hast had my despoyle, and I feare I beare in my belly the token of so much loue I swed thee: Yet content with this discredit, rather then to ruine into further extremity, get thee out of my dores, for from henceforth thou shalt never bee welcome to Infida. And with that shee flung vp, and went into her Chamber. Francesco would haue made a reply, but shee would not heare him, nor holde him any more that: Whereupon with a fleare in his eare, he went to his lodgings, there ruminating on the number of his follies, and the hardnesse of his fortunes, seeing his score great, his coyne little, his credite lesse: weighing how hardly he had vsed his labell: at last, leaning his head on his hand, with teares in his eyes, he began to be thus extreamely passionate. Now Francesco, *Piscator illius sapit*, experiance is a true Mistrisse, but shee makeith her schollers  
treade

tread vpon thornes , hast thou not leaped into the ditch , which thou hast so grēdily desired to reach ? Oh now thou seest the difference betwēne loue and lust : the one full of contented pleasure , the other of pleasing miseries : thy thoughts were seathe red with fancy , & whither did they flee : so far , that they fraid themselves , and thou rest consumed . Oh Francesco , what are women : If they be honest , Saints , the purity of nature , the excellency of vertue , the perfection of earthly content . But if they be Curtizans and Strumpets , Oh let me breathe before I can vtter the depth of such a monstrous description , they be in shape Angels , but in qualities devils , painted Sepulchers with rotten bones , their foreheads are Balenders of mis fortunes , their eyes like comets , that when they sparkle , foretell some fatall disparagement , they allure with amorous glances of lust , and kil with bitter looks of hate , they haue dimples in their cheakes to deceipte , and wryuckles in their bōwes to betray , their lips are like to the hony combs , but who tasteth the drops , is impoysoned : they are as clere as Christall , but bruse them , and they are as infectious as the Diamond , their teares are like the Aconiton that the Hydra wept : they present as Oceanira , shirts for presents , but who so puts them on , consumes like Hercules ; they lay out the folds of their haire , and intangle men in their tresses , playing the hose-leach , that sucketh while they burst , betwēne their brests is the vale of destruction , and in their beds , oh there is sorrow , repentance , hell , and despaire . They consume man alive , and ayme at his substance , not his perfection , like Eagles , that onely flie thither wheres the carion is : they leade men to hell , and leauē them at the gates . To be briefe they are ingratefull , periured , untrue , inconstant , fleeting , ful of fraud , deceitful , & to conclude in one word , they be the very refuse of natures excrements . Oh Francesco , what a satyrical inuentive hast thou vttered : I may best (quoth he) say I haue bought every principle with a pound . What now rests for this poore unfortunate man ? Thou hast yet left a meanes to end all these miseries , and that is this : draw thy rapier , and so die , that with a manly resolution thou mayst preuent thy further misfortunes . Oh although thou hast sinned , yet despaire not , though thou art Anathema , yet prooue not an Atheist , the mercy of God is aboue all his works ,

works, and repentance is a precious balm. Home to thy wife,  
to the wife of thy youth Francesco, to Isabell, who with her pati-  
ence will cover all the follies: remember this, man. *Nunquam se-  
ra est ad bonos mores via.*

Thus he ended, and with very grieve fell in a slumber. At this  
the Palmer breathed and made a stop, & a longer period. His hōst  
desirous to heare out the end of Francescoes fortunes , wished  
him to goe forward in his discourse. Pardon me sir , quoth the  
Palmer , the night is late , and I haue trauelled all the day : my  
belly is full , and my bones would be at rest: Therefore, for this  
time let thus much suffice and to morrow at our vp rising, which  
shalbe with the Sun, I wil not only discourse vnto you the end of  
Francescoes amours , of his retурne home to his wife , and his re-  
pentance , but manifest vnto you the reason why I aymed my  
pilgrimage to Venice. The gentleman and his wife very loath to  
be tedious to the god Palmer , were content with his promise:  
and so , taking vp the candle lighted him to bed, whers we leauē  
him. And therfore , as sone as it may be , (Gentlemen) .

Look for France goes further *Fortunes*, and after  
that, my Farewell to Follies: and then,  
due to amorous Pamphlets.

*FINIS.*

## The second part of Greenes Never too late

*Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.*

**N**owher did Phœbus burnish the heauen with his brightnes, and deckt in a glorious diademe of chisolites, had mounted him on his Coach to lighten the Lampe that maketh Flora beauteous, but the Palmer was vp, and at his Orlons, being as devoute in his thoughts, as he was mindfull of his travels: walking in the garden all alone, and seeing the Sun now paeping out of the East, he begame to meditate with himselfe of the state of man, comparing his life to the lenght of a span or the compasse of the Sun, who rising bright and orient, continueth but his appointed course and that oft times shadowed with so many clouds, and stainer with a sable veile of such thick foggs, that he is more darkned with forme, then beautified with light: and if it fortune his shine is without blemish, yet he setteth, & that moze oft in a sole of cloudes, then in a clere skie: so man boorne in the pride of beauty or pomp of wealth, be his honors equal with his fortunes, and he as happie as Augustus, yet his life hath but his limits, and that clogged with so many cares and crosses, that his dates are more full of miseries, then of pleasures; and his disaster mishaps, are moze then his prosperous fortunes: but if the stars grace hym with al fauourable aspects, and that he liue ful of content, in many honors and much wealth, yet his prime hath his autume, his faire blossomes turne to tawny leaues, age wil shake hym by the shoulder, and nature will haue his due, that at last he must set with the Sun, and perhaps in such a cloud of forme, as his rising may be in a stormy of sorowes. Thus did the Palmer meditate with himselfe, being penitent for the follies of his youth, that at last thinking to be as musical to himselfe, as the birds were inelidious; he chanted out this Ode.

The second part.

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*The penitent Palmers Ode.*

Whilome in the winters rage,  
A Palmer old and full of age,  
Sate and thought vpon his youth,  
With eyes teares, and hearts ruth,  
Being all with cares y'blent,  
When he thought on yeares mis-spent,  
When his follies came to minde,  
How fond loue had made him blinde,  
And wrapt him in a fiede of woes  
Shadowed with pleasures shoues,  
Then he sighed, and saide alasfe,  
Man is sinne, and flesh is grasse.  
I thought my Mistris haire were gold,  
And in her locks my heart I fold:  
Her amber tresses were the fift,  
That wrapped me in vaine delight:  
Her Iuory front, her pretty chin,  
Were stales that drew me on to sin:  
Her flarry lookes, her christall eyes,  
Brighter then the Sunne s arise:  
Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,  
Yoakt my thoughts and my desire,  
That I gan cry ere I blin,  
Oh her eyes are paths to sin.  
Her face was faire, her breath was sweet,  
All her lookes for loue were meete:  
But loue is folly this I know  
And beauty fadeth like to snow.  
Oh why should man delight in pride,  
Whose blososome like a dew doth glide?  
When these supposes toucht my thought,  
That world was vaine, and beauty nought,  
I gan to sigh, and say alasfe,  
Man is sinne, and flesh is grasse,

The palmer having ended his Ode, sate in a great dumpe in  
the garden, when his Host accompanied with his wife, desirous

to heare out Francescoes fortune, were come into the place, and gau<sup>r</sup> him the bon iorno thus: Curteous Palmer, a kinde salute to waken you from your mornings meditation: Is<sup>t</sup> sex you haue the prouerb for a principle to bed with the War, and up with the Larke: no sooner the Sun is in the skie, but you are at your orisons, either ruminating passions, or penance: either some olde remembrance, or some new reuerse. Howsoever (gentle Palmer) tis no manners to enter too farre into your thoughts, and therefore leauing your secrets to your selfe, Come sara la vostra signioria a quest amatina. The Palmer that had learned a little broken Italian, seing his honest Host in such a merrie mode, made this answere. Io sto bon signior diu merce, ringratiauandomi sonnamenti di vostra grande cortesia, holding it fit for my Fortunes to haue many cares, and little sleepe, that my penance may bee great, sith my sinnes are many: long slumbers are for idle persons not so<sup>r</sup> penitent Palmers, and sweet dreames are no instances of harte devotion: therefore doe I watch with the mouse to argue my selfe miserable, and inioyne my selfe to much paines because I am combed with many passions.

This morning entring into this Garden, I sawe by the works of nature, the course of the world: for when I saw Floras glori<sup>r</sup> shut vp in the foldes of Iris frowns, I beganne to consider, that the pride of man, was like the pomp of a flower, that to day glories in the field, and to morrow in the fontaine: that we bee like the flies Hemera that take life with the sunne, and die with the dew: that our honours are compared to the blossomes of a Cedar, which vanishe ere they begin to burnish, & all our triumphs, like characters written in snow, that printed in a vapour, at the least Sun-shine discouer our vanity, for they are as soone melted, as our pleasures are momentarie. Tied by fates to this tickle state, we haue nothing more certaine than to die, nor nothing more wicertane, then the houre of death: and therefore when I call to mind the follies of my youth, how they haue bene tickled with vice, I couet in the flower of my yeares, to repent and amend: for.

*Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.*

You doe well Sir (quoth the Gentleman) in all your actions to consider the end: for he that for<sup>r</sup>e repents, for<sup>r</sup>e has many pe-  
niles:

els : had I wist it a great fault, and after wits are bitten with many sorrows : therefore such as grieve at their follies, & covet to prevent dangerous fortuness, they which take an antidote of grace agnst the deadly acution of time, and with present remorse prevent ensuing vanities, such indeede, as they live well, shall die blessed. But leaving this humor till another time, you may see by our early rising, how my wife and I were delighted with your evenings partie : for trust me Sir, desire of Francescoes further fortunes, made vs thus watchful, and therefore seeing the morning is gray, and our louing great, and yet a good while to breakfast, if your leisure may afford so much, I pray you sitte downe and tell vs what was the end of his loues, and the effects of his repentance. The Palmer very willing to pleasure his curteous host, sate hym downe in an Arbour, and began thus.

## The Palmers tale of Francesco.

**A**s lone as Francesco awakte from his slumber, and began to enter further into the considerac[i]on of Isidas countenage, his heart throb'd at his follies, and a present passion of his great misfortunes so payned him, that all perplexed, he began againe to sing his former song, and to say that womens thoughts were like to the leaues of a date tree, that change coloris with the wind in a moment, figuring out sorrow with teares, and in that instant desciphering pleasure with smiles: neither too resolute with the Stoicks to yield to no passions, nor too absolute with the Esseni to surfeit with ouermuch chastity: their desires (quoth he) resemble Eolus sozehead that next every storme containes a calme: their deedes are Almanacks that descipher nothing but uncertaintie: either too scrupulous with Daphne to contemne all, or too voluptuous with Venus to desire all: and straight, neither flesh nor fish as the porpoise, but time pleasers, to content the selues with varietie of fancies. In this humorous melancholy he rose vp & ranged about the city, despairing of his estate as a man penilesse and therfore impatent, because he knew not how to redresse his miseries : to rely upon the help of a Curtizan, he saw by experience, was to hang hope in the ayre : to stand vpon the fauour of friends, that was bothelesse: for he had few in the Citty, as being but a stranger there, & such as he had, were won with an Apple;

trencher friends, & therefore to be left with the puſſe of the leak  
blast of aduersities. To go home to his wife to faire Isabel, that  
was as hard a censure as the ſentence of death: for shame of his  
folliſes made him abhamed to ſhow his face to a woman of ſo high  
deſerts. In this perplexitie he paſſed ouer thre or foure daies, til  
his purſe was cleane empty, his ſcore great, & his houleſſe would  
trouſt him for no more money, but threatened him, if preſent pay-  
ment were not made, to lay him impiſon. This newnes was hard  
to Francesco, that knew not how to auoyd the preiuidece, only his  
refuge was to prevent ſuch a miſfortune to carry his apparell to  
the brokers, & with great loſſe to make money to pay for his diet;  
which once diſcharged, he walkt vp & downe as a man forlome,  
hauing neither coine nor credit. Necessity that ſtingeth unſo the  
quick, made him ſet his wits on the tenter, & to ſtretch his brains  
as high as Ela, to ſee how he could recouer pence to defray his  
charges by any ſinifer meanes, to ſalve his ſorowes: the care of  
his parents and of his owne honoꝝ, perfwading him from ma-  
king gaue by laboꝝ: he had neuer bin brought vp to any mecha-  
nicall courſe of life. Thus every way deſtitute of means to liue,  
he ſighed out this olde ſaid ſaw, *Miferrimum eſt fuisse beatum*: yet  
at laſt, as extremities ſearch very far, he caſted to mind that he  
was a ſcholler, and that althoꝝ in theſe daies Art wanted ho-  
noꝝ, & learning lackt his due, yet god letters were not brought to  
ſo lowe an ebbe, but that there might ſome profit arife by them  
to procure his maintenance. In this humor he fell in amongſt a  
company of players, who perfwaded him to try his wit, in wi-  
ting of Comedies, Tragedies, or Pastorals: and if he could per-  
forme any thing worth the ſtage, then they would largly reward  
him for his paines. Francesco glad of this motion, ſeing a meanes  
to mitigate the extremity of his want, thought it no dishonor to  
make gaue of his wit, or to get profit by his pen: and therefore  
getting him home to his chamber, wrot a Comedy, which ſo ge-  
nerally pleafed all the audience, that happy were thoſe Actors in  
hort time, that could get any of his workes. he grew ſo exquifite  
in that facultie. By this meane his want was relieved, his cre-  
dit in his houles house recouered, his apparell in greater brauerie  
then it was, and his purſe well lined with crownes.

At this diſcourse of Francesco, the Gentleman tooke his guest  
by

by the hand, and broke off his tale thus. Now gentle Palmer, saying we are fallen by course of prattle to parle of playes, if without offence, doe me that fauour to shew me your iudgement of playes, play-makers, & players. Although (quoth the Palmer) that some for being too lanish against that faculty, haue for their satyricall inuictiues bin wel canuased: yet seeing here is none but our selues, & that I hope what you heare shall be trodden vnder stoe, I will flatly say what I can, both even by reading, and ex perience. The iuention of Comedies were first found amongst the Greeks, and practised at Athens: some thinke by Menander, whome Terence so highly commends in his Heauton-timorumenon. The reason was, that vnder the couert of such pleasant, & Comicall events, they aymed at the overthrow of many vanities that then reigned in the citie: for therewre they painted out in the persons the course of the world, how either it was graced with honor, or discredited with vices: there might you see leueld out the vaine life that boasting Thrasos use, smooched vp with the selfe conceit of their owne excellencie, the miserable estate of daughters parents that rather let their sons taste of any misfortune than to rescue them with the superfluitie of their wealth: the por traiture of parasitical friends, which sooth vong Gentlemen subtilly in their follies, as long as they may: *Ex coram sull o viuere,* was set out in lively colourys. In those Comedies the abuse of Baboos that made sale of honest virgins, and liued by the spoyle of wome's honors, was depeely discouered; to be short, Lechery, Courteousnes, Pride, self-loue, disobedience of Parents, and such vices predominant both in age and youth were shot at, not only with examples & instances to seide the eye, but with golden sentences of morall workes, to please the eare. Thus did Menander win honor in Grecce with his worke, and reclaime bothold and young from their vanities by the pleasant effects of his Comedies. After him this faculty grew to be famous in Rome, practised by Plautus, Terence, and other that excelled in this qualite, all aiming as Menander did, in all their workes to supprese vice, & aduance vertue. Now so highly were Comedies esteemed in those daies, that men of great honor & graue account were the Actors, the senate and the consuls continually present, as auditors and such spoiles, rewarding the Author with rich rewards, according to:

CIVICUS IN CHAMBERS.

to the excellencie of the Comedie. Thus continued this facill famous till covetousnesse crept into the qualitie, and that meane men greedynesse of gaine did fall to practise the acting of such plaies, and in the Theatre presented their Comedies but to such onely as rewarded them well for their paines: when thus Comedians grew to be mercenaries, then men of account left to practise such pastimes; and disdained to haue their honor blemisht with the staine of such base and vile gaunes, infomuch that both comedies and Tragedies grew to lesse account in Rome, in that the free sight of such sports was taken away by covetous desires: yet the people (who are delighted with such nouelties & pastimes) made great report, paide largely, & highly applauded their doings, insomuch that the Actors by contynall use, grew not only excellent, but rich, and insolent. Amongst whom in the daies of Tully, one Roscius grew to be of such exquisite perfection in the faculty, that he offered to contend with the Orators of that time in gesture, as they did in eloquence, boasting that he could express a passion in as many sundry actions, as Tully could discourse it in variety of phases: yea so prouised he grew by the daily applause of people, that he looked for honor and reverence to be done him in the streets: which selfe conceit when Tully entred into with a piercing insight, he quipt at in this manner.

It chanced that Roscius and he met at dinner, both guests vnto Archias the Poet, where the proud Comedian dared to make comparison with Tully: which insolence made the learned Orator to grow into these teames: why Roscius art thou proud with Asrops Cæsar, being prouert with the glorie of others feathers: of thy selfe thou canst say nothing: if the couer hath taught thee to say, Acc Cæsar, didst not thy tutus because thou prouest in a kings chamber: what sentence hast thou uttered on the stage, howes from the censure of our wits, and what sentence or conceit of thy invention the people applaud hym excellent, that comes from the secrete of our knowledge. I grant your action, though it be a kinde of unmechanical labour, yet well done tis worthy of praise: but you worthless, if for sy small a toy you were proud. At this Roscius warr red, and bewayed his imperfection with silence: but this checke of Tully, could not keape other's from the blemish of that fault, for it grew to a generall vice among the Actors, to excell

excel in pride, as they exceded in excellencie, & to braise it in the  
streets, as they brag it on the stage: so that they reveld it in Rome  
in such costly robes, that they seemed rather men of great patri-  
uome, then such as liued by the fauor of the people. Which Pub-  
lius Servilius very well noted, for he being the sonne of a Sena-  
tor, and a man very valiant, met on a day with a Player in the  
streets richly apparelléd, who so farre forgot himselfe, that he  
troke the wall of the young noble man: which Servilius taking  
in disdaine, countercheekt with this quip: my friend (quoth he)  
be not so brag of thy silken robes, for I saw them but yester day  
make a great shew in a brokers shoy. At this the one was asha-  
med, and the other smild, and they which heard the quip, laught  
at the folly of the one, and the wit of the other. Thus sir haue you  
heard my opinion briefly of playes, that Menander denised them  
for the supressing of vanities, necessary in a common wealth, as  
long as they are vsed in their right kind: the playmakers worthy  
of honour for their Art: and players, men deseruing both praise  
and profit, as long as they war neither couetous, nor insolent. I  
haue caused you sir (quoth the gentleman) to make a large digres-  
sion, but you haue resolued me in a matter that I long doubted  
of, and therefore I pray you, againe to Francesco. Why then thus  
quoth the Palmer, after he grew excellent for making of Come-  
dies, he war not onely braise, but full of Crownes. Which Infida  
hearing of, & hauing intelligence what course of life he did take,  
thought to cast forth her lure to reclaime him, though by her un-  
kindnes he was proued haggard: for she thought that Francesco  
was such a tame sole, that he would be brought to strike at any  
stale, decking her selfe therefore as gorgiously as she could, pain-  
ting her face with the choice of all her drugs, she walked abroad  
where she thought Francesco vsed to take the aire: Loue & For-  
tune ioyning in league, so fauored her, that according to her de-  
sire she met him. At which encounter, I gesse, more for shame the  
lone, she blusht: and filld her countenance with such repentant re-  
morse (yet hauing her lookes full of amorous glauces) that she  
seemed like Venus, reconciling her selfe to froward Mars. The  
sight of Infida was pleasing in the sight of Francesco, and almost  
as deadly as the Bassiske: that had he not had about him Moly  
as Ulysses, he had bene enchanted by the charmes of that wily

The lecond part.

Circes: but she abuse so stuck in his stomack that she had proferd him in his extremitie , that he returned all her glauences with a frowne , and so parted . Infida was not amated with his angry mode , as onse that I thought loues fornace of force to heat the coldest Amatist , and the sweet words of a woman as able to draw on desire , as the Syrens melody the passengers . What (quoth she) though soz a while he be cholerick , Beauty is able to quench the flame , as it sets harts on fire : as Helens faults angred Paris , so her fauours pleased Paris : though she were false to Menelaus , yet her faire made him broke her follies : Women are priuiledged to haue their words & their wils , and whom they kil with a frastone , they can reuive with a smile . Tush Francesco , is not froward , but he may be wonne , he is no Saturnist to beare anger long , he is sone hot , and sone cold , cholerick and kind harted : who though he be scolded away with bitter wordes , he will be reclaimed againe with sweet kisses : a womans teares are Adamant , and men are no harder then Iron , and therefore may bee dralwe to pittie their passions . I wil fauise , flatter , and what not , to get againe my Francesco : for his purse is ful , & my coffers wax empty . In this humor taking pen and paper , she wrot a letter to him to this effect .

*Infida to Francesco what he wants in health  
or wealth.*

I F my outward penance (Francesco) could discouer my inward passions , my sighs bewray my sorrowes , or my countenance my miseries , then shoulde I loske the most desolate of all , as I am most distrest of all , and the furrows in my face be numberlesse , as thy grieses of my hart are matchlesse . But as the feathers of the Halciones glister most against the sorest storme , and Nylus is most calme against a deluge , so the sorrowes of my mind are so great , that they smother inwardly , though they make no outward appearance of mishap . All these miseries Francesco grow from the consideration of mine own discourtesie , for when I thinke of thy constancy , thy faith , thy feature , & thy beauty : and weigh with my selfe how all these vowed unto Infida , they were lost by the disloyalty of Infida , I call it in question , whether I had better despayre and die , or in hope of thy fauour , linger out my life . Penance of free will , merits pardons of course , and grieses that grow from remoue .

more, deserue to be salued with ruth: I confess Francesco, that I wronged thee, & therfore I am wrong at the hart: but so doth the Idæ of thy perfection, and the excellencye of thy vertues frame a restless passion in my heart, that although thou shouldest bow to loa' me, I cannot cease to loue thee. Oh, consider women haue their faults, & act that in an houre they repent all their life after. Though Mars & Venus brawled, they were friends after brawls, for a Louers iarde ought not to be a perpetual discord, but like a sun-shine shower, that be it never so sharp, is accouted no storm: forgive & forget Francesco then hartily, that I repent so deepeley: grace thy Infida againe with one smile, ease her impatient passi-  
ons with thy sweet presence: & assure thy self she wil satisfie with loue, what she hath offended with folly. Bones that are broke, & after set againe, are the more stronger: Where the Beech tree is cut, there it growes most hard: reconciled friendship is the sweetest amity. Then be friends with thy Infida: looke on her, & but visit her: and if she win not thy loue with her words, & shew her selfe so penitent that thou shalt pardon, then let her perish in her owne misfortunes, and die for want of thy fauour. Farewel.

Thine euer despairing Infida.

**T**his letter she sealed vp, and sent it by a secret friend to Francesco, who at the first knowing from whence it came, would scarcely receive it: yet at last willing to heare what humur had made the Courtian write vnto him, he broke ope the seales, and read the former contents: which when he had thorooughly perused, he found himselfe perplexed: for the cunning of her flattery made the pore man passionate, insomuch that sitting downe with the letter in his hand, he began thus to meditate with himself: Why doest thou vouchsafe Francesco to looke on her letters that is so lewd, to view her lines that are powdred with flattery, to heare her charmes that sakes thy preuidice, to listen to such a Calipso that aimes only at thy substance, not at thy person?

While thou wert pore, her sorthead was ful of frownes, & in her looks sat the storms of disdain: but whē she sees thou hast feathered thy nest, and hast crowns in thy purse, she would play the Horse-leach to suck away thy wealth: and now would she be thy harts gold, while she left thee not one dym of gold. Oh Francesco,

co. she hides her clauers, but lookest for her prey with the Tyger,  
she waxes with the Crocodile, and smiles with the Vienna, and  
flatters with the Panther, and vnder the couert of a sugred bait,  
shewdes the intent of thy bane. Knowest thou not that as the  
Marble drops against rayne, so their teares fore point mischiefe,  
that the fauours of a Curtizan are like the songs of the Gashopper,  
that euer foretell some fatall disparagement.

Beware then Francesco. (*Piscator illus sapit*) she hath once burnt  
thee, feare fire with the childe, she hath crost thee with disdaine, co-  
uet not with desire: hate her: for in lothing such a one thou louest  
thy God. Return not with the dog to thy vomit, wallow not with  
swine in the mire, for else not the best, and follow the worst. And  
yet Francesco, trust me, she is faire, beautifull, and wise: I but  
with that a Curtizan: perhaps she wil now loue thee faithfully,  
if she do, sond man, is not her hartie liking hatefull lust: dange-  
rous to the body, and damnation to the soule. Tis a saying not  
so common as true, that he which lookeith continually against  
the Sun, shall at last bee blind, that who so handleth pitch, must  
needs be defiled, the tree that abideth many blasts, at last falleth  
by the Carpenters axe, the bird that striketh at euery stale, can-  
not long escape the snare, so long goeth the pitcher to the broke,  
that at last it comes broken home: and he that securely swimmeth  
in sinne, shall surely be drowned in iniquity, who so bindeth two  
fimes together, shall never bee reuenged in the one, and he that  
delighteth to offend in youth, shal no doubt feele the punishment.  
*Quod differtur non amferitur.* Though God for a time suffer a man  
to wallow in his own wickednesse, & to say unto his soule, Tush,  
the Lord regardeth not the way of sinners, nor suspecteth the mis-  
deeds of men, he is slow to wrath, & prone to pittie, yet the Lord  
at last lookeith down from heauen, and reuengeth al his grievous  
sins with a hearie plague, yea he rooteth him out from the face  
of the earth, and his place is no more seene. Consider then Fran-  
cesco, if the Lord suffer thee in thine iniquity, and deferre present  
punishment, it is because thy mercy may seeme the more, and thy  
sin the greater. Hee that hath the dropsie, drinke while he bur-  
gesth, and yet not satisfied: the Horse-leach hath two daughters  
that never cry, enough: who so is stung with the serpent Diplas,  
burneth, but can never be coaled; and who so is inflamed with sin,  
thirsteth

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thirsteth continually after wickednes , vntill he hath supped the  
dregs of Gods displeasure, to his owne destruction. Beware by  
this, fall not into the trap , when thou seest the traine : for know-  
ing the sinne, if thou offendest against thy owne conscience , the  
Lord will send vpon thee, cursing, trouble, and shame in all thou  
settest thy hand unto , and will not cease to reuenge , vntill thou  
perish from off the face of the earth. Oh, hast thou not at home an  
Isabell, that is the wife of thy youth, and the only friend of thy bo-  
some, indued with such exquisite beauty, & exceeding vertue, that  
it is hard to iudge , whether the pure complextion of her body, or  
the perfect constitution of her mind holds the supremacy? And is  
not a peaceable woman and of a god heart, the gift of the Lord?  
There is nothing so much worth, as a woman well instructed, a  
shamefast and faithfull woman is a double grace: and there is no  
treasure to be compared to her continent mind : but as the glis-  
tering beames of the sunne when it riseth , decketh the heauen : so  
the beauty of a god wife adorneth the house: and as golde pillars  
do shinc vpon the sockets of siluer , so doth a faire face in a vertuous  
minde. Whal the feare of God then Francesco be so farre from  
thyne eyes, as to leau thy own wife, and imbraze a Curtizan, to  
leau the law of God, and suffer thy heart to be subuerted by lust?  
The Lyon so abhorreth this crime, as he killeth the lyonesse, for  
committing this fact. The Storke never medleth but with his  
mate. The Jacinth stone wil not be worne on the finger of an adulterer , nor the Olieue grow , if planted by one that leadeth his  
life in unlawfull lusts: and wilt thou shew thy selfe more careles  
in this crime than brute beasts : more retchlesse then unreason-  
able creatures: more sencelesse than stoncs: yea far lesse in ver-  
tue than a man: and far more in vice than a beast. Then will the  
Lord lok down from heauen, and plague thee with a heawy curse.  
At this clause standyng a great while in a maze , at the last he  
kept to his standish, and wrote this answer.

Francesco wisheth to Infida , remorse of conscience,  
and regard of honesty.

I haue read thy letters Infida , wherein I hoped to haue found  
more honesty and lesse vanity , a signe of better thoughts and  
lines of more remorse: else had I left them sealed , as I conet to  
leau thee vnsene. But I perceiue, as no time wil alter the pa-

ther from his spots, the mouse from her feare, nor the tigre from his fiercenes: so neither date nor reason will change the condicions of a Curtizan. Thou wrytest thou hast not liberty enough to sin, enioyned by some ouerhward neighbour to bee more honest than thou wouldest be; which is as great penance to one of thy trade, as a long pilgrimage to a sorrowfull Palmer. A teare in a strumpes eye, is like heate drops in a bright sunshine: as much to be pitied, as the Crocodile whē she weeps: a Curtizans laughter is like to lightning, that beautifies the heauen with a blaze, but foreruns stormes and thunder. Art thou in loue with Francesco? marry gep Gigkeit, thy loue sits on thy tonges end, ready to leape off as soon as thy mouth opens, and thine honesty hangs at thine eye, which falleth away with every winke: thou art inueigled with my beautie, that is, because thou hearest I haue a rich purse, not a faire face: for thou valuest as much of beauty without pence as a horse of a faire stalle without prouender. Thou art entised by my vertues: I wonder how that word vertue comes in thy mouth, when is it so farre from thy hart; and yet no maruel, for the most infectious serpents haue sweetest breaths, and common-ness Curtizans, the most courteous speches.

Thou wouldest haue me grace theē with my presence, and re-  
nue our old friendship: so I will, when I meane to give my body  
to the Chirurgion, and my soule to the duel; for in louing theē I  
must needs graunt this Legacy. Thy reason is, that bones once  
brokē, united againe, are the strongest: I wold thy necke might  
make the experiance, and then I wold trust the instance. But  
why pester I so much paper to solewde a person: as I found theē  
at the first, I leaue theē at the last, euen empty gorgd to bait at a  
full purse, incontinent, false, perjured, as far from God, as thou  
art friend to the diuell. And so adue.

*Francesco* penitent, and therefore a  
persecutor to Curtizans.

**A**fter he had written this letter, he sent it to Insida, who reading it, and seeing she could get no fauour at the hands of Francesco: that wrought she neuer so subtilly, yet her trains were discovered, that her painted lures could not make him stop, so had he with reason reselled his former folly: whē she perceiued I say) that all her sweet potions were found to be poisons, though

she

She couered them never so clarkly : she fel not in despaire, with o' uermuch loue, but swoze in her selfe to intend him some secret pre*judice*, if euer it lay in her by any meanes to procure it : but leauing her to the iustice o' him that poyleth the deedes of such impe*nient persons in his ballance*, and committing Francelco to the making of some strange Comedy, I will shew you how Fortune made an assault to the unfained affection of faire Isabell.

The discourse of *Isabels Fortunes*.

Isabell living thus penitie, in that shē wanted the presence of Francesco, yet for her patience and vertue, grew so famous, that all Caerbrancke talked of her perfections : her beautie was admired of euery eye, her qualities applauded in every mans eare, that shē was esteemed for a patterne of vertuous excellencys throughout the whole Citty. Amongst the rest that censured of her curious fauors, there was one Signior Bernardo, a Burgo-master of the Citty, who chancing on a time to passe by the dwore where Isabell sojournd, seeing so swēt a Saint, began to fall enamoured of so faire an obiect : and although he was olde, yet the fire of lust crept into his eyes, and so inflamed his heart, as with a disordinate desire he began to affect her: but the renoume of her chastity was such, that it almost quattred those sparks that heated him on to such lawlesse affection. But yet when he call'd to mind that want was a great stumbling blocke, and sawe the necessitie that Isabell was in, by the absence of Francesco, he thought golde would be a ready meanes to gaine a womans god wil, and therfore despaired not of obtaining his purpose. After that this Signior Bernardo had obserued the exquisite perfection of her body, & how she was adornd with most speciall giftis of nature, he was so snared with the fettters of lasciuious concupisence, as reason could not redresse what lust had ingrafted : his aged yéeres yel-ved unto vanity, so he turned away his mind from God, not daring to lift vp his eies to heauen, lest it should be a witnesse of his wickednes, or a coz assis to his guilty conscience: for the remembrance of God is a terror to the unrighteous, and the sight of his creatures is a sting to the minde of the reprobate. He therefore fieling his diuellish heart to be perplesed with such hellish passi-ons, carelessly cast off the feare of God from before his eies, neither remembryng that he was an Elder to giue god counseil, nor  
a Judge.

Greenes never too late,

a Judge in the city , to minister right: his hoary haire could not hale him from sinne, nor his calling convert him from filthinesse, but he grædily drunk vp the dregs of vnrighetesnesse, and carefullly busied his braines to oppresse the simple, and to obtaine his purpose, layd his plot thus. Being the chiefe Burgomaister in all the city , he determined to make a pruy search for some suspected person: and being maister of the watch himselfe, to go vp into her chamber, and there to discouer the depth of his desire. so he thought to ioyne loue and oportunity in one vnion , and with his office and his age, to wipe out all suspition. Age is a crowne of glory when it is adorned with righteousnesse , but the dregs of dishonor when it is mingled with mischiefe : for honourable age consisteth not in the terme of yeares , nor is not measured by the date of a mans daies , but godly wisdome , is the gray haire, and an undefiled life is the old age. The Herbgrace the older it is, the ranker smell it hath . the Sea-star is most blacke beeing old : the Eagle the more yeres , the more crooked is her bil: and the greater age in wicked men , the more vnrighetesnesse : which this Segnior Bernardo tried true : for desire made him hate delay, and therefore within two or three nights , picking out a watch answerable to his wish, he himselfe(as if it had bin some matter of great impozt) went abroad , and to colour his folly with the better shadow, he searched diuers houses, & at last came to the place where Isabell lay , charging the Host to rise and to shew him her chamber, for (quoth he) I must confer with her of most secret affaires. The godman of the house obeyed willingly , as one that held Bernardo in great reuerence, and brought him and the watch to the chamber doore. Bernardo taking a candle in his hand, bade them all depart, till he had talked with the Gentlewoman; which they did : and he entring in shutting the doore , found her fast asleep, which sight draue the old Lecher into a maze: for there seeing nature in her pride, lust impealed him the more, that he late on the bed side a great while viewing of her beauty: at last startynge vp, he awakte her out of a sweet slumber . Isabell looking vp, and seeing one of the Burgomaisters in the Chamber, (for Bernardo was knowne for his grauity & wealth of every one in the City( she was amazed, yet gathering her wits together, raysing her vp on her pillow , shē did him all the dutifull reuerence she might

might, wondring what wind should drive him into that place: at last the old Churle began to assaile her thus.

*Bernard does discourse to Isabell.*

BE not amazed (faire Gentlewoman) to see me thus sodainly  
Band secretly arriued, neither let my presence appall your sen-  
sles: for I come not cruelly as a foe, but cartheouable as a friend.  
If my comming seeme strange, the cause is as straight; & where  
necessitie forceth, there it is hard to striue against the stremme; he  
that seeketh to sway against his owne will, oftentimes kicketh a-  
gainst the prick: and he that striueth to withstand loue, hoppeth  
against the hill. These things considered ( Mistris Isabel) if I  
offend in being too bold, your beauty shall beare the blame, as the  
only cause of this enterprize: for to omit all circumstances, & to  
come to the matter. So it is, that since first mine eye fed of your  
sweet fauor, I haue bee[n] so perplexed with the passions of loue,  
& haue bee[n] so de[ep]ly dwowned in the desire of your person, that  
there is no torment so terrible, no paine so pinching, no woe so  
grieuous, as the grieve that hath griped me since I burnt in loue  
of your sweet selfe: sith therefore my liking is such, let my liking  
be repaide again with loue, let my firme fancy be requited with  
mutual affection, and in lieu of my god wil, consent unto me and  
be my Paramour. That sin which is secretly committed, is half  
pardoned, sh[er]e liueth chastly enough that liueth charily. The  
chamber doore is shut, no man either can detect vs of any crime, or  
dare suspect vs of any folly. The credit which I carry in the Citi-  
ty shall be sufficient to shrowde you from shame: my office will  
be able to defend you from mistrust, & my gray haire a pumice  
stone to race out all suspition, and by this small offence ( Isabel )  
thou shalt both content mee, and purchase to thy selfe such a duti-  
full friend, as in al seruice thou maist command, not onely ready  
to countenance thee with his credit, but to furnish all thy wants  
with his coyne: for what treasure and gold I haue, shall be thine  
to vse. Isabel hearing this subtle serpent to breathe out such wily  
reasons, wondred to see a man of his calling so blinded with the  
vaile of lasciuious lust, as to blasphem[e] so diuellishly against his  
owne conscience, insomuch, that soz a god space she late astonis-  
hed, until at last gathering her wits together, she burst forth in-

to these speches.

*Isabels reply to Bernardo.*

**T**is a saying (Signior Bernardo) both old and true, that whoso sinneth against his Conscience, sinneth against his owne soule: and he that knoweth the law, and wilfully disobeyeth, is worthy to be beaten with many stripes: which sentence of holie writ I wish you to consider, and it will bee a sufficient cooling carde to your inordinate desire. Hath God placed you as a Burgomaster of this City, and so a Judge ouer his people to punish sinne, and wil you maintaine wickednesse? Is it your office to vphold the Law, and wil you destroy it? Nay, are you command ed to cut off this sinne with infamie, and yet will you perswade a woman to desile her husbands bed? Is it your duty to drine vs from all vncleane lust, and will you draw me to such folly? Is this the office of a Burgomaister: or besemeth such thoughts to the minde of an Elder: doth the summons of death appeare in your gray head, & yet fleshly desires reigne in your heart: Doth thine old age impart a cleare conscience, and your inward appetite fraught with concupisence? Oh how pleasant a thing is it where greyheaded men minister iudgement, and the Elders can give god counsell: but how perilous a thing is it for the Ruler to be vnrighteous, or the Judge of the people to delight in sinne: Such a man shall haue coales heaped vpon his head, & the wrath of the Lord shall consume his heritage. Thre sortes of men the Lord hates, and he vtterly abhorres the life of them, a pore man that is prouid, a rich man that is a liar, and an old adulterer that doates, and is vnbaste. Hast thou then (Signior Bernardo) so sold thy selfe vnto sinne, and sworne to worke wickednes, that thou wilt prefer fading pleasure before lasting paine: and for the fulfilling of thy filthy lust, purchase perpetuall damnation: But put case I were so carelesse of mine honor and honesty, to yelde to thy request, should not thy selfe be a witnesse of my disloyaltie? woulde not mine owne workes cry out for vngance to plague my wickednesse: yes, no doubt, after thou hast gluttid thy satyn with the loathomenesse of the sinne, and the spirit of man had toucht thy heart with the prick of the offence, thou wouldest both detest me as a mirror of immodesty, and account me for ever as a common harlot: for the Lord suffereth not the wicked

to goe unrewarded. She (saith the Wiseman) that's common, and not content in her loue, yielding that which is proper to her husband into the possession of an other man, disobeys the Law, makes breach of her plighted troth, and lastly, playes the whore in most hellish adultery: her children shall not take roote, nor her branches bring forth no fruit, her name shall be forgotten. And shall I then, knowing this, wilfully woeke mine owne woes?

Shall I repay the troth my husband reposeth in me, with such treachery? Shal such guileful discertesie be a guerdon for his god will? No, the feare of God is a fortresse against such follie: the loue that I beare to my husband, is a shield to fence me from such shamelesse fancy: and the care of mine owne honoz is a concerue against such lawlesse concupiscke. Whereas you say that sinne secretly committed is halfe pardoned, & that she lineth *caſé* that lueth *came*: that the chamber dore is shut, that no man can espie our follie, and the place so secret that the offence cannot be priudicall to my god name, I answere: that I more esteeme the wrath of God, than the words of men: that I dread more to commit such a fact before the sight of the Almighty, then before the eies of all the world,

Man iudgeth but the body, but God the soul: the one being but a small pinch, the other a perpetual paine. He that breaketh wedlocke, and thinketh thus in his heart, who saith me? the misty clouds haue couered me, and I am compassed about with a fog, of darknes: my offence shall not be an obiect to any mans eyes, neither can my doing be discerned, for I am shrowded within the wals, whom neede I to feare: and as for the Lord he is mercifull, and will not remember any mans sinnes: he is slow unto wrath, and promiseth spedily to pardon the faults of the wicked: Such a one as feareth more the eye of mortall man than the sight of an immortall God, and knoweth not that the looks of the Lord are ten thousand times brighter then the beames of the sunne, beholding the very thoughts of men, and searching thy hart and the reines, the same man shal be punished with earthly plagues, he shal sodainely be taken in his owne trap, and shal fall before the face of every man, because he preferred his owne pleasure before the feare of the Lord. But alas, it is unfit for the young fawn to lead the old buck: for a blind man to be guide to him that

hath his sight: and as bnméete for a simple woman to instruct a Burgomaister and Elder of the Citty. Is it my part to exhort you vnto vertus, or rather, is it not your dutie to perswade me from vice: but I hope this proffer is but a tryall to make prose of mine honestie, and to sifte out my secret intent: if other wise, your will and your wordes be one, cease your suite, for you may long gape, and yet neuer gaine that you loke for. Signior Bernardo hearing Isabell so cunningly to confute his conclusiue arguments, seeing she had infringed their reasons by the power of the law, thought to wrest her vpon a higher pinne, and to lay such a blot in her way, as she should hardly wipe out: for although he knew she did rightely resel his folly, & partly perceiued her counsaile coaled the extreme of his desires, yet the feare of God was so far from him, that he prosecuted his intent thus.

Seignior Bernardoes answer to Isabells reply.

**W**hy Isabel ( said he ) thinkest thou thy painted spæches, or thy hard denials shall preuaile against my pretended purpose: No, he is a coward that yelds at the first shote, and he not worthy to weare the bud of beauty that is daunted with the first repulse. I haue the tree in my hand, & mean to inoy the fruit; I haue beaten the bush, and now will not let the birds slie, & sith I haue you here alone, your sterne looks shall stand for no ster-ling: but if you consent, be assured of a most trusty friend, if not, hope for no other hap but open infamy. For thou knowst Isabel, that a womans chieffest treasure is her god name, and that shee which hath crackt her credite is halfe hanged, for death cuts off all miseries, but discredite is the beginning of all sorrowes.

Sith then infamy is worse than losse of life, assure thy selfe, I will bring the to the quick, for I wil presently send the to prison, and cause some ruffian in the city to sware, that since the absence of thy husband Francesco, he hath laine with the, and for coyne besed the as his concubine: so shall I blemish thine honour; tie the to some open punishment, and make the a laughing stocke to the world, odious to thy friends, and to liue hated of thy husband: mine office and authority, my age and honour shall shadow my pretence, and helpe greatly to frame thy preuidice. Seeing then ( faire Isabell ) thou shalt by consent keepe the report of thy chastity, and by deniall gaine shame and reproch, shew thy selfe

selfe a wise woman, and of two evils chuse the least.

Isabel hearing the mischievous pretence of this subtil lecher, and seeing he had so cunningly laide the snare that shee could not auoyd the trap, but either she must incur the danger of the body, or the destruction of the soule, was so driuē into such a passionat dilemma, that she burst forth into teares, sighs, & plaints, which she blubbred forth on this wise. Alas (said she) most vile & vnjust wretch, is the feare of God so farre from thy mind, that thou seekest, not onely to sacke mine honoz, but to sucke my blood? Is it not iniury enough that thou seekest to spoyle my honesty, but that you long to spil my life: hath thy sweet loue pretended such bitter taste? Is this the fruit of your fained fancie? No doubt the cause must bee pernicious when the effect is so pestilent. Flatter not your selfe in this thy folly, nor sooth not thy thoughts in thy sins, for there is a God that seeth and will reuenge, and hath promised that whoso binds two sins together, shall not be vnpunished in the one. But what availeth it to talke of wisedom to a foole: or of the wrath of God to a wilfull reprobate: The Charmer charme he never so wisely, charmes in vaine, if the Adder be deafe: and his casteth stones against the winde that sakes to draw the wicked from their folly: let me therefore (poore soule) moze narrowly consider mine owne case. I am perplexed with many doubtful passions, and greuous troubles assaile me on every side. If I commit this crime, though never so secretly, yet the Lord is *Cardignostes*, & pierceth into the very thoughts, and mine owne conscience will be a continual witness against me of this wickednes: *Stipendum peccati mors:* then what other hap can I hope for, but perpetuall damnation, eth God himselfe hath promised to bee a swift witness against all wilfull adulterers: If I consent not unto this vnrigheteous wretch, I am like to be vnjustly accused of the like crime, and so shall I, being guiltlesse, haue my honor euer blemish with infamy. By this meanes, what a discredit shall I bring to my parents, to my husband, and my chil-dren: the hoary haires of my Father shall bee brought with sorrow unto the graue, Francesco shall be ashamed to shew his face in the streets of the Citty, and my poore babes shall bee counted as the seede of an harlot, and yet alas I my selfe altogether faultlesse. Why, my secret offence shall preuent all this open shame:

The lecond part.

The Lord is slow to wrath, and his mercy excedeth al his works:  
He wylleth not the death of a sinner: and hearty repentance pacifieth his displeasure. But O blye wretch that I am, why do I blasphemeth thus against the Lord & his law? Why do I breathe out these hellish speeches: can I say, I wil repent at my pleasure? O shal I therefore sinne, in hope, because the Lord is merciful? No, no, it is better for me to fall into thy hands, and not commit the offence, then to sinne in the sight of the Lord. Shal I not rather feare God than man: and dread him more that killeth both soule and body, than him that hath power to kil the body onely? Yet his feare shall bee thy defence. And with that she raised her selfe vp, spitted in his face, wishing him to doe his wylle: wherevpon he called vp the watch, and commaunded her to make her ready, for she shold to prison. Her host wondring what the cause shold bee, as a man priuie to her actions, and the vertue of her life, would haue giuen his word for her, that she shold the next day answers whatsoever shold bee objected against her: but his word would not be taken, for Bernardo was ful of fury, and carried her away to prison: where deeplie grieved, & yet smothering her sorrow with patience, she lay the rest of the night: the next morrow as soone as the day brake, she cald for pen and incke, and wrot this mournefull Sonnet.

Isabels Sonnet that she made in prison.

*Veritas non querit angulos.*

No storme so sharpe to rend the little Reede,  
For sild it breakes, though euery way it bend.  
The fire may heat, but not consume the flint,  
The gold in furnace purer is indeede.  
Report that sild to honor is a friend,  
May many lies against true meaning mint:

But yet at last,  
Gainst flauders blast,  
Truth doth the sily faultlesse soule defend.

Though false reproach seekes honor to distaine,  
And envy bites the bud though neere so pure:

Though

Though lust doth seeke to blemish chaste desire,  
Yet truth that brookes not falsehoods slanderous staine,  
Nor can the spite of enuies wrath endure  
Wil trie true loue from lust in iustice fire,

And maugre all,  
Will free from thrall

The guiltlesse soule that sets his footing sure.

Where innocence triumpheth in her prime,  
And guilt cannot approach the honest minde:  
Where chaste intent is free from any misse,  
Though enuy strive, yet searching Time,  
With piercing insight wil the truth out finde,

And make discouery who the guiltie is,

For time still tries

The truth from lies:

And God makes open what the world doth blind.

*Veritas temporis filia.*

Isabel wetting her Senet with teares, and pronouncing every  
line with a sigh, sat in a dump. Whilst the fame of this fact was  
spread abroad throughout all Caerbranke, euerie man beganne  
sundry conjectures, as affection led them: her friends sorrowing,  
suspected the rankred mind of the Burgomaister: yet for his cal-  
ling durst not discouer their suspition: her foes laughing, saide,  
that dissembled holines was a doubled sin, that the holiest coun-  
tenance hath not alwayes the honestest conscience: both friend  
and foe notwithstanding wondering at the strange chance, seeing  
her outward actions did manifest so many vertues. Well, to be  
briefe, Signior Bernardo assembled the other Burgomaisters of  
the towne into the common Hall, sitt for Isabel thither; at whose  
comming (as the nature of man is desirous of nouelties) a great  
prease of people was present to heare the matter throughly can-  
vassed. When Isabel was thus brought before the barre, Signior  
Bernardo (who had suborned a yong man in the city solemnly  
to depose that hee had laide with Isabell) beganne his inuestig  
thus. I am sorry (grane citizens, and inhabitants of Caerbranke)  
that this day I come to accuse Isabell, whose vertues hitherto  
haue

haue wonne her many fauors, and the outward shew of her god  
qualities haue bin highly applauded of all men: but my consci-  
ence constraines me, not to conceale such hainous sinne, nor to  
smother vp so great an offence without rebuke. I am one of the  
Judges and Elders of the people, appointed by almighty God,  
chosen by the multitude, and constrained by the law, to haue no  
respect of persons, neither too be to rigorous to my soe, nor too  
partial to my friend: but with the ballance of equitie to measure  
man according to his merit, and with the sword of justice to up-  
hold vertue, and beate downe vice. This considered, I am for-  
ced to discouer a wicked deede that this Isabell hath committed,  
and that is this.

This yong man here present, for a certaine summe of money  
compounded to lie with Isabell, and for pence had his pleasure on  
her: she alluring him with such wilie amoretts of a Curtizan,  
that in her company he hath consumed all his substance: The  
young mans friends seeing his folly, and that no perswasions  
could dissuade him from affecting her, made complaint unto me  
wherupon I examined him, and found him, not only guiltie of  
the crime, but tractable to be reclaimed from his folly: seeing the  
(Citizens of Caerbracke) such a curtizan as this may vnder the  
colour of holines shrowd much priudice, and allure many of our  
youth to mischiefes, I thought it my duty to bring her into open  
infamie that she may be punished for her fault, known for a har-  
lot, and from henceforth line despised and hated of all. For profe  
that she hath liued long in this lewd kind of life, this yong man  
shall here before you all make present deposition: and with that  
he reacht him a Bible: whereon he swoze that he had long time  
conuerst dishonestly with Isabell, euer since the departure of her  
husband. At which oath the people that were Jurours in the  
caufe, beleueng the protestation of Bernardo, and the deposition  
of the youth, presently found her guiltie: and then Bernardo and  
the rest of the Burgomasters gaue iudgement, that she should  
presently haue some open & seuerre punishment, and after be ba-  
nished out of the Towne. Assone as Isabel heard the censure, she  
appeald for no mercy, nor abashit any whit, as one desirous of fa-  
vour: but lifting vp her eyes to heauen, only said thus. O G D D  
which seest the secrets of all harts, and knowest all things before  
they

they come to passe, which discernest the very inward thoughts and triest the heart and the reines: thou knowest, that because I would not consent vnto the filthy lust of this doting lecher, nor agrē by defiling my husband's bed to fulfil his fleshly desires, that he hath slādred me with a crime wherof I was never guilty, that he halē produced this young man by a sinister subordination, to perire himselfe in a fault, wheras not so much as in thought I committed such a fact: he hath, to satisfie his malicious mind without cause, devised this false crime. I confesse O Lord, to be a most grievous offender, & to deserue far greater punishment, but not for this deed. Hearre then O Lord my prauer, & let the innocence of my cause plead before thy diuine maiestie: if it be thy wil, prevent his practises, confound his counsels, & let him that hath digged a pit for others, fal into the snare himselfe. Thou hast never as yet, O Lord, left the succourlesse without help, but hast delivered them which feare thee from all aduersity: thou diddest set frē Joseph from the hands of his brethren which sought to spill his bloud, & diddest preuent the practises of Saul, intended against thy servant David: Elizeus being besieged within Dotham, was not only freed from his foes, but also garded about with a troop of holy Angels: Elias was preserued from the cruelty of Isabell, and fed with Rauens. But cheefly in my case, how mightily didst thou shrowd Susanna from the treachery of the two Elders, in raising vp young Daniel to maintaine her right? Nay, who hath trusted in thy mercy, which hath come to mishap? or who hath put his hope in thee, and hath suffered harme? So, O Lord, if it be thy wil thou canst disclose the deuice of this Signor Bernardo, and vnfold the follies of this false witnesse: helpe then O Lord, for in thee is my trust.

The people hearing the solemne protestations of sorrowfull Isabel, thought she had spoken these words to excuse her fault, but not that she was guiltlesse of the fact: giuing more credite to the reverend age of Bernardo, and the oath of the young man, countenanced out by the Wurgomaiter, than to the yong yeares of a simple woman, supposing her speeches were more of custome to cloake her follies, then of conscience to cleare hir of that crime: & they would haue returned her backe againe vnto prison, till the day assigned for her punishment. As she was ready to be carried

haue wonne her many fauors, and the outward shew of her god  
qualities haue bin highly applauded of all men: but my consci-  
ence constraines me, not to conceale such hainous sinne, nor to  
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which seest the secrets of all harts, and knowest all things before  
they

they come to passe , which discernest the very inward thoughts and triest the heart and the reines: thou knowest , that because I would not consent vnto the filthy lust of this doting lecher, nor agree by defiling my husband's bed to fulfil his fleshly desires, that he hath slädred me with a crime wherof I was neuer guilty, that he hath produced this young man by a sinister subordination, to periure himselfe in a fault, wheras not so much as in thought I committed such a fact: he hath, to satisfie his malicious mind without cause, devised this false crime. I confess O Lord, to be a most grieuous offender, & to deserue far greater punishment, but not for this deed. Hearre then O Lord my p[ri]ayer , & let the innocence of my cause plead before thy diuine maiestie: if it be thy wil, prevent his practises, confound his counsels, & let him that hath digged a pit for others, fal into the snare himselfe. Thou hast never as yet, O Lord , left the succourlesse without help, but hast delivered them which feare thee from all aduersity: thou diddest set frē Joseph from the hands of his brethren which sought to spill his blod, & diddest preuent the practises of Saul, intended against thy seruant David: Elizeus being besieged within Dothan , was not only freed from his foes, but also garded about with a troop of holy Angels: Elias was preserued from the cruelty of Isabell, and fed with Rauens. But cheesly in my case , how mightily didst thou shrowd Susanna from the trechery of the two Elders, in raising vp young Daniel to maintaine her right : Nay , who hath trusted in thy mercy , which hath come to mishap : or who hath put his hope in thee, and hath suffered harme: So, O Lord, if it be thy wil thou canst disclose the deuice of this Signor Bernardo, and vnsold the follies of this false witnesse : helpe then O Lord, for in thee is my trust.

The people hearing the solenne protestations of sorrowfull Isabel, thought she had spoken these words to excuse her fault, but not that she was guiltlesse of the fact: giuing more credite to the reverend age of Bernardo, and the oath of the young man, countenanced out by the Burgomaister, than to the yong yeares of a simple woman, supposing her speeches were more of custome to cloake her follies, then of conscience to cleere hir of that crime: & they would haue returned her backe againe vnto prison, till the day assigned for her punishment. As she was ready to be carried

The second part.

away, he which had accused Isabell start vp as a man lunatike, and cryed out vnto the people thus: I haue sinned, men of Caerbrancke, I haue sinned: the thought of my present perjurie is a hell to my conscience: for I haue sworne fally against the innocent, and haue consented to condenme Isabel without a cause: & with that he disconered at the barre howe Signior Bernardo had suborned him against the Gentlewoman, and how in all his life before he never was in her company. Upon which confession of the young man, the Burgomasters eramined the matter more effectually, and found that Isabel was cleere, chaste, honest, & ver-  
tuous, and Bernardo was a doting lecher: wherevpon they not only amerced him in a great fine to be payd to Isabel; but put him for euer after from bearing any office in the Citty.

Thus was Isabel deliuerned from her enimies, and reckoned more famous for her chastity through all Caerbrancke. This strange euent spread abroad through all the Countrie, and as fame flies swift & far, so atlast it came to the eares of Francesco: for he sitting in Troyouant at an Ordinarie, amongst other Gentlemen, heard this fortune of Isabel reported at the Table for strange newes by a Gentleman of Caerbranke, who brought in Isabel for a mirrour of chastity, and added this more, that she was married to a Gentleman of ripe wit, god parentage, and well skild in the liberall Sciences, but (quoth he) an unthrift, & one that hath bin from his wife syre yeers. At this all the table condempned him as passing unkinde, that could wrong so vertuous a wife with absence. He was silent and blusht, feeling the worme of his conscience to wryng him, & with such a sharp sting, that assone as he got into his chamber, he fell to meditate with himselfe of the great abuses he offered his wife, the excellencie of her exterior perfection, her beauty, vertue, and other rare ornaments of nature, presented theselues vnto his thoughts, that hee began not only to be passing passionate, but deeply penitent, sorrowing as much at his former follies, as his hope was to ioy in ensuing god fortunes. Now hee sawe that *Omnia sub sole vanitas*: that beauty without vertue, was like to a gloriouſ flower without any operatio, which the Apothecaries set in their shops for to be ſcene, but assone as it withereth, they cast it into y fornaice as an vnproufitable wraſe: that the imbracings of a Curti-

Ian, seyme they never so sweet, yet they were the paths so destruction: that their lokes are fates unto death, and the foldes of their hands, are setters to snare men in sinne. Now he saw that pride was extreme follie; for such as looke most high against the Sunne, grewe sonest blind: that Icarus caught his fall by soaring high: that time ill spent in vanity, in riotous company, amongst a crew of carelesse Caualiers, that would boast it in the towne, not braue it in the field, was neither to be recalled nor recompensit. Oh Francesco (quoth hee) how sondly hast thou beene led away with euery looke, fed vpon with trencher-fles, eaten aliue with flatterers, giuen to looke at a Goddess more then thy God, more readie to a Bowle then thy Booke, squaring in the streets, when thou shouldest bee meditating in thy Chamber: If thou knowest these to be extreme parts of folly, repent & amend. The Darke knowing Tamarisk is deadly to his nature, scornes to come neare the tre. The Unicorn wil not bruke to rest vnder a Cyren tre, for that he holds it mortall. The Elephant will fly out of the company of a murtherer. These bruite beastes auoid what nature tels them is perillous: thou huntest after those harmes with grudges, that thou knowest are prejudiciale. Wel Francesco, then now or else never away with such follies: stop at the botome, and then it is Serio, yet let it be Serio: home to the wife of thy youth, reconcile thy self to her, she wil forgiue and forget thy former fondnes, & entertain her penitent paramour, with as great kindnes as he comes home with penance: What man? *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.* With that Francesco tooke pen, and paper, and wrote this.

*Francescoes Sonnet made in the prime of  
his penance.*

With sweating browes I long haue plow'd the sandes:  
My seed was youth, my crop was endlesse care  
Repent hath sent home with empty hand,  
At last, to tell how rife our follies are:  
And time hath left experience to approoue,  
The gaine is grieve to those that traffique loue.  
The silent thought of my repentant yeares  
That fill my head, haue cald me home at last:

Now loue vnmaskt a wanton wretch appeares,  
Begot by guilefull thought with ouer-hast:  
In prime of youth,a Rose,in age,a Weed,  
That for a minutes ioy,payes endlesse meed.  
Dead to delights ,a foe to fond conceit,  
Alied to wit by want, and sorrow bought:  
Farewell fond youth, long fostred in deceit,  
Forgiaue Time disguised idle thought.  
And loue adew,loe, hassing to my end,  
I finde no time too late for to amend.

**H**aving framed this Sonnet, he gaue the coppy to some of his friends, making manifest to th̄ his resolution to leaue Troynouant, and to goe home; and by their helpe, who furnished him with such necessaries as he did want, he in shōrt time tooke his iorney. The day of his departure was ioyful to al his friends, insomuch that as many as knew of his iourney, gathered themselves together, and made him a banquet: where (very merry & pleasant) they carowst to the health of his Isabel: One amongst the rest who loued Francesco so tenderly, tooke a cup of wine in his hand, and with teares in his eyes, said thus: Francesco, I haue nothing to give thee, being my selfe pinched with want, but some precepts of wit that I haue bought with much exerience, those shalt thou haue at my hands, which if thou put in practise, think I haue giuen much treasure.

*The farewell of a friend.*

- 1 Let Gods worship be thy mornings worke , and his wisedome the direction of thy dayes labour.
- 2 Rise not without thanks, nor sleepe not without repentance.
- 3 Choose but a few friends, and try those; for the flatterer speakes fairest.
- 4 If thy wife bee wise, make her thy Secretary ; else locke thy thoughts in thy heart, for women are seldome silent.
- 5 If she be faire , be not iealous ; for suspition cures not womens follies.
- 6 If she bee wise, wrong her not : for if thou louest others, shee will loath thee.
- 7 Let thy childrens nurture bee their richest portion : for wisedome

- dome is more precious than wealth.
- 8 Be not proud amongst thy poore neighbours: for a poore mans hate is perillous.
- 9 Nor too familiar with great men: for presumption winnes disdaine.
- 10 Neyther be too prodigall in thy fare , nor die not indebted to thy belly, enough is a feast.
- 11 Be not envious, lest thou fall in thine owne thoughts.
- 12 Vse patience,mirth, and quiet: for care is enemy to health.

And Francesco ( quoth his friend ) that thou mayst remember my precepts, I drinke to thee: upon this he plodged him, and so in pleasant chat they passe away the time till breakfast was done, & then he gaue him to horse , and they brought him a mile out of the City. At last, although they plaied loath to depart, yet Francesco must away: but before hee deparshed , when they were ready to shake hands, he puld out of his sleeve a Bonet that he made, and gaue it them.

*Francescoes Sonnet called his parting blow.*

**R**eason that long in prison of my will,  
Hast wept thy Mistris wants and losse of time,  
Thy wonted siege of honoour safely elinie.  
To thee I yeeld as guilty of mine ill.

Loe(fettered in their teares) mine eyes are prest,  
To pay due homage to their native guide:  
My wretched heart wounded with bad betide,  
To crave his peace, from reason is address.

My thoughts ashamed,since by themselves consum'd,  
Hauie done their duty to repentant wit:  
Ashamed of all,fweer gwide I sorry sit,  
To see in yowth how I too farre presum'd.

That he whome loue and errour did betray,  
Subscribes to thee, and takes the better way:

*Sero sed serio.*

As soone as he had deliuered them the sonnet, shaking hyns,  
 he put spurs to his horze and rode onward on his iourney: within  
 ffeue dayes he attayned at Caerbrancke, wher as soone as he was  
 lighted he went to the house where his wife soioured; and one  
 of the maids espyng Francesco, yet knew him for all his long ab-  
 sence, and ranne in and told it to Isabell, that her husband was at  
 the doore: she being at work in her chamber, sate as one in an ex-  
 fastie, vntill Francesco came vp, who at the first sight of his wife  
 considering the excellencie of her beauty, her vertues, chastitie,  
 and other perfections, and measuring her constancy with his dis-  
 loyaltie, stode as a man metamorphosed: at last he began thus.  
 Ah Isabell, what shall I say to thy fortunes or my follies? what  
 erordiū shal I vse to shew my penance, or discouer my sorowes,  
 or expresse my present ioyes? for I tell thee I conceave as great  
 pleasure to see thee wel, as greā in that I haue wronged thee with  
 my absence. Micht sighes (Isabell) teares, plaints, or any such exte-  
 rior passions pourtray out my inward repētānce, I would shew  
 thee the Anatomy of a most distressed man: but amongst manie  
 sorrowing thoughts, there is such confusion, that superfluity of  
 grieses stops the scource of my discontent. To figure out my fol-  
 lies or the extremity of my fancies, were but to manifest the bad  
 course of my life: and to rub the scar by setting out mine owne  
 scathe: and therfore let it suffice, I repent hartily, I sorrow deep-  
 ly, and meane to amend and continue in the same constantly. At  
 this Francesco stode and wept, which Isabell seeing, conceiued by  
 his outward grieses his secret passions, and therefore taking him  
 about the neck, wetting his cheeke with the teares that fel from  
 her eyes, she made him this womanly and wise answer.

What Francesco, comest thou home full of woes, or sekest  
 thou at thy retурne to make me wēpe? Hast thou been long ab-  
 sent, & now bringest thou me a treatise of discontent? I see thou  
 art penitent, & therfore I am like not to heare what follies are  
 past. It sufficeth for Isabell, that henceforth thou wilt loue Isabell,  
 and vpon that condition without any more words, welcome to  
 Isabell. With that she smilid and wept, & in doing both together,  
 sealed vp all her contrarie passions in a kille. Many lokes past  
 betwene them, many odde fancies and many fausours: but what  
 they did, or how they agreed in secret, that cannot I tel; but soorth  
 they

they came great friends out of the chamber, wher Francesco was welcomed home of his wifes Host with great chere: who to shew his kindness the more , had prouided a solemne banquet, hauing bidden many of his neigborz to supper, that they might accompany Francesco. Wel, supper being done, & then sitting by the fire the Host seeing them all in a dump , sayd, that to drue them out of their melancholy he would tel them a tale , which they all de-  
sirous of, late silent, and he began thus,

## The Hosts tale.

**I**n Thessaly, where Nature hath made the soyle prowd with the beauty of Shepheards , there dwelled a swaine called Selador: auncient, as having age seated in his haire: and wealthy as inseoffed with great possessions: and honest , as being indued with many vertuous qualities . This Selador had to ioy him in his age a daughter of great beautie, so exquisite in her exteriorre feature, as no blemish might eclipse the glory that Nature besotted in her lineaments. As thus she was faire, so was she wise, and with her wit ioyned vertue , that to behold, she was Helena, to heare, Pallas , and to court, a Daphne . This Damsel whose name was Mirimida, kept her fathers shēp, and in a scarlet petticoate, with a chaplet of flowers on her head , went every day to the fields, where she plide the care of her fathers solds with such diligence , that she serued with labour , to enter armes against want, & with her hands thirst, to preuent her harts grieve. Using thus daylie the plaines of Thessaly, the Shepheards delighted at the gaze of so excellent an obiect, held their eyes fortunate when they might behold her feature , clēming him happy that could lay his shōcks nearest unto her folds . Amongst the rest of all the swaines that fed their thoughts on her fauours , there was one called Eurymachus, a yong youth that had the pride of his yeres triumphing in his countenancē, wittie, and full of pleasant conceits; and that Fortune might iumpe with leue , and make him gracious in womens eyes, he was wealthy, for gold is the Chiscol of leue. This Eurymachus alwaies so plotte d the course of his shōpe walke , that he was next neighbour to Mirimida, insomuch, that to discouer his fancies, he did her often fauors: so; whē any

any of her Lambs went astray , or any thing grew amisse, then Eurymachus was the swaine that endeauored by his laboř to redresse every losse. By this meanes he wared private, & familiar with Mirimida , which was the meanes that brought him into preiudicial labyrinth: for he did so neere accedere ad ignem , that he did caleſcere plus quam satis : for as none comes neere the fume of the Spille Iden but he wareth blinde , nor any touch the Salamander, but he is troubled with the palse: so none could gaze on the face of Mirimida , but they went away languishing. This did poore Eurymachus experiance : for although hee knew loues fires were fatall, & did not warme, but scorche: yet he loued with the bird to lie to the flame, though he burnt his wings and fel in the bush : hee would not with Vlisses stop his eares, but sit & sing with the Syrens: he feared no enchauntment , but carowst with Circes, till his ouer daring drew him in a passionate danger, and so long suckt in the beauty of Mirimida, with his ever thirsty eies, till his heart was fuller of passions then his eies of affections; yet discouer his thoughts he durst not , but smothered vp his inward paines with outward silence: hauing the Ouen the hotter within for that it was damed vp, and his griefs the deeper for that they were concealed. Manifest his malady to her he durst not, he thought himself too homely a patient for such a Phisition: to utter his loues to another & make any to his Secretary but himself, he supposed was to draw in a riuall to his loues. Thus Eurymachus was perplexed , til at last, to give a little vent to the flame, sitting on a day on a hil, he puld forth pen and inck, and wrote his fancy. The effects were these.

*Eurymachus fancy in the prime of his affection.*

When lordly Saturne in a ſable robe,  
Sate full of frownes, and mourning in the West,  
The euening starre Scarce peopt from out her lodge,  
And Phæbus newly gallopt to his rest:

Euen then

Did I

Within my boate ſit in the ſilent ſtreames,  
And voyd of cares as he that lies and dreames.  
*As Phao, ſo a Ferriman I was,*

The

The courtry-lasses sayd I was too faire,  
With easie toyle I laboured at mine oare,  
To passe from side to side who did repaire:

And then  
Did I.

For paines take pence, and *Charon*-like transport,  
As soone the swaine as men of high import.  
When want of worke did giue me leaue to rest,  
My sport was catching of the wanton fish:  
So did I weare the tedious time away,  
And with my labour mended oft my dish.

For why  
I thought

That idle houres was Calenders of ruth,  
And time ilspent, was prejudice to youth.  
I scornd to loue, for were the Nymph as faire,  
As she that loued the beauteous Lachman swaine,  
Her face, her eyes, her tressles, nor her browes,  
Like Iuory could my affection gaine:

For why,  
I said

With high disdaine, Loue is a base desire,  
And Cupids flames, why th'are but watry fire.  
As thus I sate disdayning of prowde loue,  
Haue ouer Ferriman, there cryed a boy,  
And with him was a Paragon, for hue,  
A louely Damsel beauteous and coy,

And there  
With her

A maiden couered with a tawnie vale,  
Her face vnseene for breeding louers bale.  
I stird my boate, and when I came to shoare,  
The boy was wing'd, me thought it was a wonder,  
The dame had eyes like lightning, or the flash  
That runnes before the hot report of thunder,

Her smiles  
Were sweet,

N

Louely

Louely her face, : was ne're so faire a creature,  
For earthly carcassee had a heavenly frature.

My friend (quoth shee) sweet Ferriman behold,  
We three must passe, but not a farthing fare,  
But I wil giue (for I am Queene of loue)

The brightest lasse thou h'lst vnto thy share:

Choose where  
Thou louest.

Be she as faire as Loues sweet Lady is,  
She shall be thine, if that will be thy blisse.  
With that she smil'd with such a pleasing face,  
As might haue made the marble rocke relent,  
But I that triumph in disdaine of loue,  
Bade sic on him that to fond loue was bent:

And then

Said thus,

So light the Ferriman for loue doth care,  
As *Venus* passe not if she pay no fare.  
At this a frowrie late on her angry browe,  
She winkes vpon her wanton sonne hard by:  
He from his quiuier drew a bolt of fire,  
And aynd so right, as that he pierst mine eye.

And then

Did she

Draw downe the veile that hid the virgins face,  
Whose heauenly beauty lightned all the place.  
Straight then I lean'd mine eare vpon thine arme,  
And lookt vpon the Nymph (if so) was faire:  
Her eyes were starres, and like *Apolloes* lockes  
Me thought appear'd the trasmels of her haire.

Thus did

I gaze

And suckt in beauty, till that sweet desire  
Cast suell on, and set my thoughts on fire,  
When I was lodg'd within the net of loue,  
And that they saw my heart was all on flame,  
The Nymph away, and with her trippes along  
The winged boy, and with her goes his dame.

The second part.

301  
Oh then I cryed,

Stay Ladies, stay, and take not any care,  
You all shall passe, and pay no penny fare.

Away they fling, and looking coylie backe,  
They laugh at me, ah with a lowde disdaine.

I send out sighes to ouertake the Nymphs,  
And teares as lures to call them backe againe;

But they flie thence.

But I sit in my boate, with hand on oare,  
And feele a paine, but knowes not what's the soare.

At last I feele it is the flame of loue,  
I stiue, but bootlesse, to reppresse the paine,

It cooles, it fires, it hopes, it feares, it frets,  
And stirreth passions throughout every vaine.

That dowe, And sighing, did faire Venus lawes approoue.  
And swore, nothing so sweet and sowe as loue.

*Et florida purgunt.*

Hauing made this Canzon, hee put it in his bosomme, and oft  
When he was by him selfe would reade it, easing his passion with  
viewing the conceits of his owne fancy: on a day hauing brought  
downe his shephe, he espies Mirimida, and to her he goes, and af-  
ter his wonted salute sat downe by her, & fell to such chat as occa-  
sion did minister, intermeddling his passions with so many  
sighs, and fixing his eie so effectually vpon her face without re-  
moue, that she perceiued the Shephe had swallowed Aconit  
ton, and that there was none but she that bore the Antidote. As  
thus she noted his passions, she espied a scrole of paper sticking  
out of his bosome, which she snatched forth & vnsolded; and per-  
ceiuing it was a sonet she read it, and then looking earnestly  
on Eury machus, he blusht, and she with friendly smile began to  
crosse him with this frump. What Eury machus, cannot wonted  
labours wipe away wanton Amours, nor thy shepees care pre-  
uent thy hearts loue: I had thought fancy had not trode on thy  
hale, nor affection presented any obiect to thine eie: but now I

The second part.

see, as if Camelion cannot live without ayre, nor the Salamander without fire, so men haue no quiet in their life, unlesse they acquaint them with loue: I see swaines are not such swads, but they haue thoughts and passions, and be they never so low, they can looke at beauty. Coridon in his gray cassocke, had his faire Phillis, and Menalcas could court Calatea in his Shephearde's cloake; and Eury machus, be he never so homely will hazard, but at whom, there lies the question,

At whom (quoth Eury machus,) ah Mirimida, at one that is too high for my thoughts, & too beauteous for my fortunes: so what I haue soared with the Hobby, I shall bate with the Hunting: a d daring with Phaeton I shall downe with Icarus: mine eye was proud, my thoughts too forward: I haue starded at a starre, but shal stumble at a stone; and I feare, because I haue other lookt in loue, I shal be ouer-laid in loue. With that he sighed, and Mirimida smil'd and made this reply. Why Eury machus a man, or a misse, what is there any Cedar so high, but the slowest Snaile wil crepe to the top: & fortune so base, but wil aspire: any loue so precious but hath his prize? What Eury machus, a Cat may look at a King, and a swaines eie hath as high a reach as a Lord's looke. Vulcan in his leather suites courted Venus in her silkes: the swaine of Latmos wonde Luna; both dared, and both had their desires. What, Loue requires not wealth but courage: and parellage is not so high prized by fancie, as personage: feare not man, if thou hast lookt high, follow thy thoughts, and try loues fauours, for dentall is no dishonor. Eury machus hearing Mirimida in such an amorous humour, encouraged by her persuasions, thought now to strike while the iron was hot; and therefore taking her by the hand, began thus.

Truth Mirimida, Venus lawes are bounded with constraint, and when loue leadeth the eye, desire keepe no company: when Paris courted Helena, though she were coy and denied, yet was she not discourteous and disdained, for she answered thus mildly: *Nemo etenim succusat amanti.* This (Mirimida) makes mee hardy to take thee by the hand, and to say, I loue Mirimida: for thou art the Sun that hast eclips'd mine eies, on thy beauty haue I so long gazed, that as they which were wounded with Achilles Launce, could not be healed but by the same truncheon: so

thine

thine excellencie hath fettered Eury machus, that thy curtesie must  
free Eury machus. I confesse I haue looke to high ; but I excuse  
mine owne presumption by thine owne principles:and if I haue  
dared too much, why loue allowes it. Then faire Rymph, if thou  
beest as beautifull as Venus, yet looke at blacke Vulcan : low so-  
times haue high desires, if thou beest as louely as Luna, stoope to  
Endymion: a Swaine may be as constant as a King. Shepheards  
loues are loyal, for their eies are like Emeraldes that receive  
but one impression, and their hearts like Adamants that will  
turne no way but to one point of the heauen. Mirimida frown-  
ing at the folly of the Shepheard, cut him off thus.

If thou knewest how bad the coare is Eury machus (quoth she)  
thou wouldest not put thy steele so farre in , and seeing your har-  
uest is like to be so little, spare laboure, and wo:ke not so hard : if  
you haue looke at my beauty, your ayme is not beyond compasse,  
your high straines are but scrumps, & so I take them : for he that  
callcs a Faulcon a Phenix, is but a flatterer:and such as terme  
their loue Saints, are thought but to vtter words of course.

Wel, howsdeuer, if you loue me, I like you, but so as Dianaes  
fancy was to Apollo, to be his friend in the field , and his foe in  
the chamber, to fauour him as a huntsman, but to hate him whē  
he chatted of loue : so Eury machus , so long as thou souldest thy  
stocks with Mirimida, thou art welcome to Mirimida; but if thou  
casteth forth thy lure to haue Mirimida loue , then I will leaue  
thee to thy folly , as one that hates to be drawne to fancie : for  
know, that as the Olive tree will brooke no touch of steele : the  
Agyte no heate of fire: so Mirimidas eares are not capable of any  
amorous persuasions : and therefore friend Eury machus, any  
thing but loue, and so I leaue you.

Say (quoth Eury machus) and hee tooke her fast by the arme,  
if I were sure you had power as Diana had to plague mee with  
Acteons punishment, you passe not without a little more pratice:  
if I anger you, tis first a preparation to a good stomacke , for  
choler is a friend to digestion : secondly, as the Chisocoll, and  
the Gold by long striuing together grow to be one mettall, so by  
our falling out, we shall be better friends for euer: for

*Amantium ire amoris redimicratio est. a no shartur*

Theresore (faire Mistris) sit stil & graunt some fauour to him

The lecond part.

that is so pained with fancie; I will loue you though I am poore, and a Kirg can do but so much: if you think my degréé be too lowe or high of beauty, think of alparts, the meane is the merriest, & that the shepheards gray hath lesse grief then the lordly estates. I know women must be coy, because they are women, and they must haue time to be wounne, or else they would be thought to be wantons: therfore whatsoeuer you say now, I hold it not authētical: yet for that I would haue some hope: god Mirimida, let me see thee laugh. She could not but smile to see the Shepheard so pleasant, and so Eurymachus ressed content, and from amorous chat they fell to talke of other matters, til euening grew on, and then they solded their sheep, & with a friendly farewell parted.

Eurymachus was not alone thus enamoured of the faire Mirimida, but all the Shepheards of Thesaly wrot Poemes and Ditties of her beauty, and were futors to her for fauor: she like Daphne held lone in disdaine, and yet was curteous to all in any other kinde of conference. Amongst the rest, Venus (be like) willing to be pleasant had wrapt one in the labyrinth of loue calld Mullidor, a fellow that was of honest parents, but very poore, and his personage was as it had bene cast in Elops mould, his backe like a Lute, and his face like Thirsses, his eies broad and tawny, his haire harsh and curled like a horse maine, his lippes were of the largest sise in folio, able to furnish a Coblers shewpe with cloveting leather: the only god part that he had to grace his visage was his nose, & that was conquerour like, as beaked as an Eagle: Nature having made so proper a stripling, thought his inward qualities shold not blemish his outward excellency, & therfore to keepe proportion, into his great head she put in little wit, that he knew rather sheepe by the marke then the number, so he was neuer good Arithmetician, and yet he was a proper scholer, and well staine in Ditties. This ruffling Shepheard amongst the rest, and more then any of the rest, was enamoured of Mirimida, so that he would often leau his sheepe at randon, to passe by the fields where she late, only to feede his eye with fauour. Wel, as fooles haue eyes, so haue they hearts, and those oft harbour sond desire: Loue sometimes looks low, & will trumble on a cottage as well as on a pallace: fooles are in extremities, not easy to be perswaded from their bable, & when they begin

begin to loue, folly whets them on to resles thoughts. So fell it  
 out with Mullidor, for after he had tasted of the beauty of Miri-  
 mida, he grew passionate, but with great impatience, and wa-  
 sied away in the despaire of his owne desires that he was weren  
 pale and wan: which his olde mother espying, maruailing to see  
 her son so malecontent, for she loued him tenderly, and thought  
 him the sweetest youth, and brauest young man in all Thesaly.  
 The Crow thinkes her fowles the fairest, and the Ape accounts  
 of his young as well featured darlings: so Calena, (for so was  
 the olde womans name) thought Mullidor no lesse, though his  
 earecs were greater then an Asse, but held him of a sweet personage  
 and rare wit. Wel, the pore old wife, when her son came home  
 at night, seeing how ill he loekt, maruaid what shuld be the cause  
 of his suddaine change: yet because she woulde follow the princi-  
 ples of country phisick, she thought to passe ouer speaking to him  
 till supper was done, to try what stomacke he had. Well, the  
 cloth was laid, and the browne boaste set on the board, Mullidor  
 full of passions, sat down to his pottage, & eate off his boll ful, the  
 old woman stumbles to the pot agains for a fresh messe. Ah mo-  
 ther (quoth he with a great sigh) no more broath to night: with  
 that she clapt her hand on her knee, and swore her boy was not  
 wel, that he forsooke his supping: yet he fell to a peice of Bacon  
 that stood o: the boord, & a tough barley pudding: but he rose be-  
 fore the rest and got into a corner, where soling his armes toge-  
 ther he late thinking on his loue. Assone as the rest of the swains  
 were vp from the table, and turning crabbes in the fire she tooke  
 her son into the cellar, & sitting down in h:re chaire, began thus.  
 Sonne Mullidor, thy cheakes are leane, and now thou lookest like  
 Lenton, pale and wan, I saw by thy stomack to night, thou art  
 not thine owne man: thou hadst of late (God save thee) a louely  
 fat paire of cheakes, and now thou lookest like a shotten herring:  
 Tel me Mullidor, and feare not to tel me, for thou telllest it to thy  
 mother, what aylest thou? Is it griefe of body, or of mind, that  
 keepes thee on the holydayes from frisking it at the foote-ball?  
 Thou art not as thou wert wont, and therefore say what thou  
 aylest, and thou shalt see old women haue good coursale.

At these speches of his mother, Mullidor fetch a great sight,  
 and with that (being after supper) he brake wind: which Cal-  
 ena

na hearing, oh sonne ( quoth she ) it is the colicke that troubles thā; to bed man, to bed, and we will haue a warme pot-lid. This colicke mother, no : tis a disease that all the cunning women in the country cannot cure, and strangely it holdes me: for sometimes it holdes me in the head, some whiles in mine eyes: my hart, my hart, oh there(my mother)it pliates the duvel in a mor-tar: somewhile it is like a frost, cold: sometimes as a fire, hotte: when I shoulde sleepe, then it makes me wake: when I eate, it troubles my stomacke: when I am alone, it makes mee cry right out, I can wet one of my new lockeram napkins with weeping. It came to me by a great chance: for as I looke on a faire flower, a thing, I know not what, crept in at mine eyes, & ranne roand about all my vaines, and at last, gat into my hart, and there ever since hath remayned, and there mother ever since so wrings me, that Mullidor must die; and with that hee fell on weeping. Callena seeing her sone shēd teares, fell to her hempen apron, and wipt her bleared eyes, and at last demanded of him if it were not loue. At that question he hung downe his head, and sighed. Ah my sonne ( quoth shēe ) now I see tis loue: for hee is such a sneaking fellowe, that if he but leape in at the eye lid, and drie downe into the heart, and there reſſ as cold as a ſtone, yet touch him, and he will ſcreake: for tell me Mullidor, what is ſhe that thou louest, and will not loue thāe? If ſhāe be a woman, as I am, ſhe cannot but fancy thāe: for mine eye, though it be now old (and with that went vp her apron and ſhe wipt them clere) hath bēene a wanton when it was young, and would haue chosen at the firſt glance, the propperest ſpringall in the Parish: and truſt me Mullidor, but be not proud of it, when I looke on thāe, I find thāe ſo louely, that I count her wroſe than accurst, would not chuse thāe for her Paramour. With theſe wordes Mullidor begame to ſmile, and troubled his mother ere ſhe had halfe ended her tale, on this manner.

Mother, I may rightly compare the Church to a looking glasse, for as a man may ſee himſelfe in the one, & there ſee his proportion: ſo in the other, the wenches eyes are a certiſtate: for vpon whom you ſee all the girles looke, hee for ſtoke and face, carries away the bell; and I am ſure, for theſe two yeres I never came into the Church, & was no ſooner ſet, but the wenches began to winke

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## The second part.

winke one on another, to looke on me and laugh. Oh ware mother, when a dogge wagges his taile, he loues his master, and when a wanton laughes, for my life she is ouer the head & eares in loue. Then if my fortune serue me to be so well thought on, why shold I not venture on her I loue? It is(mother) Seladors daughter Mirimida. Now Gods blessing on thy heart (quoth Callens) for louing such a smugge lasse, marry her (my sonne) and thou shalt haue my benizon in a clostote. Mirimida: marrie it is no maruell: if thy cheakes be fallen for her: why, shee is the fairest blossome in all the Towlone: to her sonne, to her, trick thy selfe vp in thy best reparrel, & make no bones of it: but on a wowing: for womens desires, I may tell thee boy, are like childrens fancies, wonne oft with an Apple, when they refuse an Angell; and Mullidor, take this with thee and feare not to spedre: A womans frowne is not ever an instance of choler: ifshe refuse thee outwardly, she regardes thee inwardly, and if she shake thee vp, and bid thee be packing, haue the better hope. Cats dogs come togethen by scraching: if she smiles, then Sonne say to thy selfe, she is thine; and yet Women are wily cattel, for I haue seene a woman laugh with anger, and kisse him shee hath desired to kill: She wil be coy (Mullidor) but care not for that, tis but a thing of course: speake thou faire, promise much, praise her highly, commend her beauty aboue all, and her vertue moze then all, sigh often, and shew thy selfe full of passions, and as sure as thy cap is of wool, the wench is thine.

Mullidor hearing his mother gine such good counsaile, sayde he would iopard a toynt, and the next day haue a fling at her. With that he sayd, his hart was eased, and his stomacke somewhat come downe with her good perswasion, whereupon the Ambry was opened, and he turned me ouer a cantle of Chese & went to bed. The next morning vp he rose & his holy day roabes went on, his startupts new blackt, his capfaire brusht, & a cleane lockeram band. Thus attired, away flings Mullidor to the field, and carried away his sheep, and led them into the plaines wher Mirimida sought to feede her flockes: comming there, he met her all alone, sitting all ale ne vnder a Béch tree, weaning of Peters, to catch birds: as sone as Mu l dor spyed her, his hart leapt for joy, and she seeing him, laught, which was a great helpe to his

courage: that rushing roughly toward her he said thus.

Mistris Mirimida, here is weather that makes grasse plentie, and shæpe fatte, by my trath there never came a more plenteous yere: and yet I haue one shæpe in my fold thats quite out of liking, and if you knew the cause you would maruaile. The other day as he was grasing, he espied a spotted ewe feeding before him, with that he fell to gaze on her, and that so long, that he wagged his taile for very ioy; he came to her, and with a shéepish curtie courted her; the ewe was coy and butted him, which stroke him so to the hart, that castynge a shéeps eye at her, away he goes, and ever since he lies by himselfe and pines away. I pray you Mistris Mirimida what think you of this ewe? Mirimida perceiving by this smile, that little wit had off fancies, and fowles were with-in the compasse of Loues warrant: whereupon thinking to bring him into a paradice, she made this answere.

I am an ill iudge Mullidor, and yet because I am a Shéphearde, and this is a shéepish question, that the Ewe shal bē the first that shoulde be fattet of all the flocke: and in revenge of her cruelty, sold to the Butcher. For I tell thee Mullidor, she that is cruel in loue, is like to a Rose, that pricks when it shoulde ga-thered. Say you so Mirimida (quoth he:) then may I be the bol-der to bēake out my mind unto you: for surely I am the shæpe that ever since I markt your beauty, haue beene inflamed with your sweet looks, and not daring bould out mine affection, haue pined away, as you may see by my cheakes: and refuse my foode: and you Mirimida, are the Ewe that hath caught Mullidor cap-tive. Therefore now that I bttre howe I loue, and couet how you should loue againe: take heed you refuse not, for if you do, by my iudgement you shall be sold to the Butcher for your cruelty. Mirimida, hearing the asse ruffle in his rude eloquence smiled to her selfe, and thought that Venus fires as well warne the pōre as the rich, and that deformity was no meanes to abridge fancy, whereupon she replied thus. Why Mullidor, are you in loue: and with me, is there none but Mirimida that can fit your eye: bē-ing so many beautifull damsels in Thessaly: take heede man, looke before you leape, least you fall into the ditch: I am not good enoughe for so proper a man as your selfe, especially being his mo-thers eldest sonne: what Mullidor let me counsaile you, there are

more maids the Walkin, & the country hath such choyce as may  
bred your better content: for my part at this time, I meane not  
to marry. Tis no matter, quoth Mullidor, what you say: for my  
mother told me, that maides at first would be coy when they are  
wooed, and mince it as it were a Mare ouer a mouthfull of shil-  
lles, & yet were not a whit the worse to be likt, for twas a mat-  
ter of custome. Well then Mullidor quoth Mirimida, leau off at  
this time to talke of loue, & hope the best: to morrow perchance it  
will be better, for women are like unto children, that will oft re-  
fuse an apple, and straight cry for the paring, and when they are  
most hungry, then for sullennesse fast. This Mullidor, quoth she, is  
the frowardnes of loue. Marry then quoth he, if they haue chil-  
drens maladies, twere god to vse childrens medicines, and that's  
a red, for be they never so froward, a ierke or two wil make them  
foward: and if that would bring women to a good temper, my  
mother hath a stiffe cudgel, and I haue a good arme.

Thus these two past a way the day, till presently they espied  
a farre off a Gentleman with a hawke on his fist, to come riding  
towards them, who drawing nye and seeing so faire a Pymph,  
reind his horse and stood still, as Acteon when he gazed at Dia-  
na: at the last he alighted, and comming to wards her, saluted  
her thus curteously. Faire virgin, when I saw such a sweet saint  
with such a crooked apostle, I straight thought Venus had beeene  
walking abroad to take the ayre with Vulcan: but as soone as  
mine eies began narrowly to make suruey of thy beauty, I found  
Venus blentcht with thy rare excellency: Happy are these shape  
that are folded by such a paragon: and happy are those shape-  
heards that enjoy the presence of such a beauteous creature, noe-  
maruel if Apollo became astwayne or Mercury a neat-heard when  
their labours are recompensit with such lones. By my selfe, faire da-  
moseil, if either my degrē were worthy or my deserts any, would  
crave to haue entertainment to become your dutifull servant.  
All this while Mirimida held downe her heade, and blosht: at last,  
listing by her eyes full of modesty, and her face full of chaste co-  
lours, such as florish out the fronts of Dianas virgins, she made  
the Gentleman this answer. My servant sir: (said she) no, your  
wooing is far abone my wealth, and your dignitie too high for  
my degrē; þore country damels must not aym to hie at fortune,

nor lie to fast in desiers, least looking at their fete with the peacocke, they let fall their plumes, & so shame at their owne follies: but if my degrée were so great as to entertaine such servants, I must bellow vpon them some changeable livery, to shew the varietie of their mindes: for certaine, mens hearts are like to the Polype, that will change into all colours but blewe, and their thoughts into all effects but constancie: in that sicke, your eye dauled and mistooke me for Venus, you gazde against the sunne, and so blemisht your sight, or else you haue eaten of the rootes of hemlocke, that makes mens eyes conceit basene objects: how soever (as I take you for a Gentleman) so I take your prayse for a frumpe: and so your way lies before you: we must folde our flockes, and you may be gone when you please. In faith quoth he Oenone chose Paris for her Phere in her labours, and her fellow in her loues: thinking the sweetest face the best fairing for a gentlewomans eye: But you contrarie haue got a smoakie Vulcan, as Venus, to set out your excellencie: for as a Christall placed by Jeate, seemes the more pure: so a beauteous Paragon shewes the more faire, ioyned with a deformed peasant. Mullidor hearing the Gentleman thus abuse his patience, as a man concited in his owne propernesse, and especially afors Mirimida, thwarted him thus. You maister meacocke, that stand vpon the beauty of your churrimilke face: as brag with your Buzzard on your fist, as a hawke vnder an Apple tree, know that we country swaines as we are not beholding to Nature for beautie, so we little account of fortune for any fauor: Tush man, my crookebacke harboozeth more honest condition, then thy flering countenance, and these course suites can fetch more pence then thy silkes: for I belieue thou makest a sconce of the Mercers booke: thou hast made such faire entrance there, that thou wilt never from thence till thou beest torn out by the eares. Goodman Courtier, we haue queasie stomackes that will hardly brooke them: and therefore fine sole, be gone with your sole, or I will so belabour you, as you shall feel myingers this fortnight: and with that Mullidor heaved by his shapeshoke, and bent his browes, so that the gentleman giuing to Mirimida the adue, he put spurs to his horse, and went away.

At this manly part of Mullidor, Mirimida laught hartily, and  
 he

he tooke a great concept that hee had shewed himselfe such a tall man: Upon this, Mirimida gaue him a nosegay which stooke in her bosome for a fauour, which hee accepted so gratesfully, as if another had giuen him a tunne of gold. Night drew on, and they folded their shēp and departed, shē to her fater, and he to olde Calena, as toysull a man as Paris, when hee had the promise from Venus: hee plodded on his way with his head full of passions, and his heart full of new thoughts, and stil his eye was vpon the nosegay, insomuch that hee stode in a doubt whether it were Loue, or some other fury than Loue, that thus hinchte him and pincht him: at last hee fell with himselfe into this kinde of meditation. Now doe I perceiue that loue is a purgation, and searches every veine, that though it enter in at the eie, yet it r̄us to the heart, and then it kepes an olde coyle, where it worketh like a Jugglers boxe. O loue, thou art like to a flea which bitest sore, and yet leapest away and art not to be found, or to a pot of Gaong ale, that makeh a man call his fater who:son; so both of them bewitch a mans wits that he knoweth not a W. from a ba-tildore. Infortunate Mullidor, and therfore infortunate, because thou art ouer the cares in loue, and with whom? with Mirimida, whose eyes are like to sparks of fire, and thine like a pound of butter, like to be melted with her beauty, & to consume with the seyng flame of fancy. Ah Mullidor, her face is like to a redde and white Daisie growing in a grāne meadow, and thou like a Wē, that comwest and suckest hony from it, & carriest it home to the hūe with a heauie and hōe, that is as much to say, as with a head ful of woes, and a heart full of sorrows and maladies. Be of god chere, Mirimids laughs on thee, and thou knowest a womans smile is as god to a lover, as a sun-shine day to a hay maker, she shewes thee kinde looks, and castes many a shēpes eye at thee, which signifieth that she counts the man worthy to iumpe a ma-th with her; nay more Mullidor, she hath giuen thee a nosegay of flowers, wherein as a top gallant for all the rest, is set in Rosemary for remembrance: Ah Mullidor, chere thy selfe, feare not, loue and fortune fauois lusty lads, cowards are not friends to affection, therfore venture, for thou hast won her, els had she not giuen thee this nosegay: and with this remembraunce himselfe he start hym, lesto his amorous passions, & trudged home to his

house, where comming in, olde Calena stumbels to see i n what humour her sonne came home: fralick he was and his cap on the one syde, he askt if supper were ready: his mother seeing his stomachme was good, thought there was some hope of her sons god fortune, and therfore said, there was a pudding in the pot that is almost enough, but sonne quoth she, what newes: what successe in thy loues? how doth Mirimida like thare? Ah mother qd. Mullidor, and he smilid, how shoulde I be vsed, but as one that was wrapped in his mothers smocke when he was borne? Can the Sun want heat, and the winter cold, or a proper man be denied his lutes? No mother, assone as I beganne to circumglaze her with my sphillery, and to fetch her about with two or thre viesstro minnies eyes, I gaue her such a thump on the brest, that she would scarce say no: I told her my mind, and wrapt her in the prodigality of my wit, that she said another time shold: but then we parted laughing, with such a sweet smile that made me loose in the haft like a dudgyn dagger: she gaue me this nosgay for a fauour, which how I esteeme it, gesse you: thus haue I vsed her in kindnesse, and she vsed me in curtesie: and so I hope we shall make a friendly conclusion. By my troth, quoth she, and I hope no lesse, for I tel you, when maides giue gifles, they meane wel, and a woman if she laugh with a glauncing looke, wisheth it were neither to do nor vndone: she is thine, my sonne, seare not: and with that she layd the cloth & set victuals on the boord, where Mullidor tried himselfe so tall a trecher-man, that his Mother perceiued by his drifte he would not die for loue. Letting this passionate lubber to the conceit of his loues, let vs returne to the yong courtier called Radagon, who trotting a soft pace vpon his courser, seeing the Sonne now bright, and then ouer shadowed with cloudes, began to compare the state of the weather fantastically to the humor of his Mirimidaes fancies saying, when Phœbus was eclipsit with a vapour, then she lowred, when he shewed his glory in his brightnesse, then she smiled. Thus he dallied in an uncoth motion so long, that at last he began to feele a fire that fretted to the hart. Ryding thus in a quandary he entred into the consideration of Mirimidaes beautie, wherupon fralickly in an extemporeate humour he mad this sonnet.

The second part.

*Radagons Sonnet.*

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No cleere appear'd vpon the azurd sky  
A vale of Hornes had shaddowred *Phabus* face,  
And in a sable mantle of disgrace  
Sate he that y'cleped heauens bright eye,

As though that he, Perplext for *Clistia*, meant to leue his place,  
And wrapt in sorrowes did resolute to die:  
For death to louers is euer ayre:

Thus folded in a hard and mournefull blaze,  
Distrest sate hee,

A misty fogge had thickned all the ayre,  
*Iris* fate soleinne and denied her showres:

*Flora* in tawny hid vp all her flowers,  
And would not diaper her meades with faire,

As though that flicke Were arm'd vpon the barren earth to lower.

Vnto the founts *Diana* nild repaire,  
But fate as ouershadowed with despaire,

Soleinne and sad within a withered bower,

Her Nymphs and she Mars malecontent lay sickle on *Venus* knee,

*Venus* in dumps fate muffled with a frowne,

*Tuno* layd all her frolick humors downe,

And *Jone* was all in dumps as wel as she.

Twas Fates decree For *Neptune* (as he meant the world to drowne,) Heau'd vp his surges to the hig best tree,

And leagu'd with *Eol*, mard the Seamans lee,

Beating the Cedar, with his billowes downe.

Thus wroth was he. My mistis deines to shew her sun-bright face,

The ayre cleerd vp, the clowdes did fade away,

*Phabus* was frolick when we did display The gorgeous beauties that her front doe graces,

So that when shee no more could see But walkt abroade, the stormes then fled away,

*Flora* did checker all her trading place,

And

Greenes never too late.

And Neptune calmde the surges with his mace,  
*Diana* and her Nymphs were blith and gay,  
When her they see.

*Venus* and *Mars* greed in a smile:  
And jealous *Juno* ceased now to lowre,  
*Ioue* saw her face and sighed in his bowre,  
*Iris* and *Eos* laughd with in a while.

To see this glee:  
Ah borne was she within a happy houre  
That makes heauen, earth, and Gods and all to smile?  
Such wonders can her beauteous works compile,  
To cleere the world from any froward lowre,

Ah blest be shee.

When Rodagon had scandre his fancie, he began with sundry  
insiring thoughts to consider, that shee was beautiful & of a bale  
country bæde, where vertue astone dwelleth as in high digni-  
ties: that her wit was sharpe, and Nature had done her part to  
make her every way excellent, as well in exteriorre perfection, as  
in inward qualities: though her fortunes were lowe, yet her de-  
sires were modest: and prudwe she could not be, as being poore,  
to be pœnish were bootlesse, in that her hope did not aspire, her  
lookes bewrayd she was no wanton: & her blushing, that she was  
bashful: every way she seemed vertuous, as she was beautifull.

The consideration of her excellencie so pierced the hart of Ra-  
dagon, that from liking her fell to loue, from small prayses unto  
great passions. Thus quoth he, though wedlocke bee a thing so  
doubtful & dangerous to deale withall, as to seke roles amongst  
thornes, & eales amongst Scorpions, & one pure potion amongst  
a thousand bores of confection; yet nature doth establish it as ne-  
cessary, Law as honest, and reason as profitable. Some Cynicke  
(as Diogenes) wil thwart it with a dilemma & say that for yong  
men tis to come, for old men too late to marry, concluding so e-  
nigmatically, it were not god to marry, at all: other wil say as  
Arminius a ruler of Carthage sayde, who being importunateli  
perswades to marry, answered, no said he, I dare not: for if I  
chance vpon on that is wife, she wil be wilful, if wealthy the wa-  
ton, if poore then pœnish, if beautiful then prud, if deformed the  
loathsome: and the least of these is able to kil a thousand men. In  
deede

dæde I cannot deny but oft *sub melle latet venenum*, that vertue  
is like a bore of Juxy containing some baleful Aconiton, or to a  
faire shoo that wrings the scote: such loue as is laid vpon such a  
foundation, is a short pleasure ful of paine, & an affection bought  
with a thousand miseries; but a woman that is faire & vertuous  
maketh her husband a joyfull man, and whether he be rich, or  
poore, yet alwaies he may haue a joyful heart. A woman that is  
of a silent tongue, shamefull in countenance, sober in behaviour  
and honest in condition, adorned with vertuous qualities corespondent,  
is like a godly pleasant flower, deckt with the coloris  
of al the flowers of the garden: and such a one (quoth he) is Miri-  
mida, and therefore, though she be poore, I wil loue her, and like  
her: and if shee wil fancy me, I wil make her my wife. And up-  
pon this he resolued to prosecute his lute towards her, insomuch  
that as soone as he came home and had rested himselfe a  
while, he slept to his scandall, and wrote her a letter.

Radagon was not more pained with this passionate malady  
then poore Eurymachus, who could take no rest, although every  
day in her presence he fed his eie with the beauty of her face:  
but as the Hidaspis, the more he drinke, the more thirsty he is, so  
Eurymachus, the more he looked, the more he loued, as hauing  
his eie deeply enamoured of the obiect: reueale any moche his  
fute he durst not, because when he began to chat of loue, she shakt  
him off, & other slung away in a rage, or else forst him to fall to  
other prattle, insomuch that he determined to discourse his mind  
in a letter, which he performed as cummingly as he could, & sent  
it her. Muliidot that alle rapt out his reasons divers times to  
Mirimida, until he was weary of the grommes importunate foo-  
leries, and so with a sharpe word or two nipt him on the pate:  
whereupon asking his mothers counsaile, she perswaded him to  
write unto Mirimida, although he and a pen were as fit as an  
alle and a harp: yet he bought him paper, and stealing into the  
Churchyard vnder an Apple tree, there in his Muses framed  
a letter and sent her. Thus had fortune (meaning to be merry)  
appointed in her secret synode, that all these thre shold vsione  
meanes to possesse their loues, & brought it so to passe, that the  
thre letters from these thre rivals were delivered at one instant:  
which when Mirimida saw, she late her downe and laught,

wondring at y rarenes of this chance, that shoulde in a moment  
byng such a conceit to passe: at last (for as then she was leading  
forth her shape) she late her downe, and looking on the super-  
scription, said to her selfe: what Adamants are faire faces, that  
can draw both rich, poore, and fooles to lode in the labyrinth of  
their beauties. At this she sighed, and the first letter she broke o-  
pen, because he was her first Louer, was Eurymachus; The con-  
tents whereof are these.

*Eurymachus the Shepheard, to Mirimida the*

*Goddesse of Thessaly.*

**V**hen (Mirimida) I sit by thy sweet selfe, & wonder at thy  
present sight, seeing as the *Wx* vpon the wealth of thy  
beauties, the conceit of thine excellency drives me into an extasy  
that I became dumbe with ouer-much delight: for Nature sets  
downe this as an authentike principle.

*Sensibile sensui suppositum nulla fit sensatio.*

If the flower be put in the nostrill there is no smel: the colour  
elapt close to the eye, blemisbeth the sight: so a Louer in presence  
of his Mistress, hath the organs of his speach tied, that he con-  
ceales with silence, and sighes out his smothered passions with  
sorrowes.

Ah Mirimida, consider that loue is such a fire, as either wil burst  
forth, or burne the house; it is such a stremme as will either haue  
his course, or breake through the banks & make a deluge, or else  
force their heart strings crack with secrecie. Then Mirimida, if I  
be laish in my pen, blame me not that am so laden with loue:  
if I be bold, attribute it to thy beauty, not my impudency: and  
thinkie what Louer dare in, it growes through the extremity of  
loyal affection, which is so deeplie imprinted in my thoughts, as  
neither time can diminish, nor misfortune blemish. I ay me not  
Mirimida, at thy wealth, but at thy vertues: for the more I con-  
sider thy perfection, the more I grow passionate, and in such an  
humor, as if thou deuy, there is no meanes to cure my malady,  
but the salue which healeth all incurable sores, & that is de ath.  
Therefore sweet (Mirimida) consider of my loues, & vse me as my  
loyalty deserves: let not my pouerty put in any barre, nor the  
basenes of my birth be any excuse of thy affection: weigh my de-  
sires, not my degrees, and either send me a spedie plaister to salue

my

The seconde part.

my despavring passioes, or a corrasive to cut off my lingring soz  
rowes; either thy faours with life, or thy deniall with death, be-  
tweene which I rest in hope till I heare thine answeare.

Thine who can be no others but thine,  
the Shepheard *Eury machus*.

To the end of this letter (for that he would run descant vpon  
his wit) hee set downe a Sonnet written in the forme of a Pa-  
digall, thus.

*Eury machus in laudem Mirimidia,*  
his Motto.

*Insuita fortuna dedi vota concordia.*

**V**V Hen Flora proud in pompe of all her flowers,

Sate bright and gay,  
And gloried in the dew of Iris showers,

And did display  
Her mantle chequered all with gawdy greene:

Then I

A mournefull man in Ericine was seenet:

With folded armes I trampled through the g rasse,  
Tracing as he

That held the throne of Fortune brittle glasse,

And loue, to be  
Like Fortune, fleeting as the restless wind,

Mixed

With mists,  
Whose dampe doth make the clearest eye grow blinde:  
Thus in amaze I spied a hideous flame.

I cast my sight  
And saw where blithely bathing in the same

With great delight,  
A worme did lie, wrapt in a smoakie sweate;

And yet  
twas strange,

It carelesse lay and shrunke not at the heat.

I stood amaz'd, and wondring at the sight  
While that a dame

That shone like to the heauens rich sparkling light,

Greene's Newell 150 late,

Discourst the same,  
And said, my friend, this worne within the fire  
Which lies  
content,  
Is *Venus* worne, and represents desire.

A Salamander is this priuely beast,  
Deckt with a Crowne  
Giuern by *Cupid* as a gorgeous crest  
Gainst Fortunes frowne:  
Content he lie s and bathes him in the flame,  
And goes  
not forth,

For why, he cannot liue without the same.  
As he, so Louers liue within the fire

Of feruent loue,  
And shrinke not from the flame of hot desire,  
Nor will not moue,  
From any heat that *Venus* force imparts:

But be  
Content

Within a fire, and waft away their hearts.  
Up flew the dame and vanisht in a cloud;

But there stood I,  
And many thoughts within my mind did shroud  
My loue: for why  
I felt within my heart a scorching fire,

And yet  
As did  
The Salamander, t'was my whole desire.

Mirimida having read this sonnet, she straight (being of a pregnant wit) conceited the drift of this proverigall, smil'd and laid it by: and then next tooke up Radagons letter, which was written to this effect.

*Radagon of Thessalie*, to the faire Shepheard-  
desse Mirimida health.

I Cannot tell (faire spylris) whether I shold praise Fortune  
as a friend, or curse her as a so, having at vnawares presented  
me

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me with the view of your perfection, which sight may be eyther  
the summe of my blisse, or the beginning of my bale: soz in you  
rests the ballance either to weigh me downe my due with cur-  
tesie, or my deniall with extreme unkindnesse. Such as are  
prickt with the bones of the Dolphin heare musike, & they are  
presently healed of their malady: they which are enuenomed  
with the Wiper, rub the soze with Kubarb, and sace a remedy: &  
those which drinke Aeoniton, are cured by Antidotes. But loue  
is like the sting of a Scorpion, it must be salued by affection: soz  
neither charme, heare, Come, nor mineral hath vertue to cure it:  
which made Apollo exclaime this passion.

*Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.*

With the same distresse (Sweet Mirimida) am I pained, who  
lighting by chance as Paris did in the bale of Ida vpon Venus,  
but I feare me lesse curteous then Venus. I haue no golden ap-  
ple (faire Nymph) to present thee with, so to proue thee supreme  
of beauty: but the devotion of my thoughts is offered humbly at  
thy feete, which shall ever confesse none so beauteous as Miri-  
mida. Then as Venus for reward gave Paris Helena, so curteous  
Nymph, be prodigal of thy fauors, and gine me thy heart, which  
shall be to me more deare then a hundred Hclens.

But here perhaps thou wyl abiect, that mens pleas are like  
Painters Pensels which draw no substance but shadowes, that  
to the worst proportions giue the richest colours, & to the cour-  
test pictures the kindest glases; that what we write is of course,  
and when we finde passions, then are we least passionate, hauing  
sorrowfull pens when we haue secure hearts, & lowring looks  
when we haue laughing thoughts. I cannot deny (sweet Pi-  
stris) but that hot loues are like a bauing blaze, & that men can  
promise more in a moment, then they wil performe in a month.  
I knaw there was a Demophoon that deceived Phillis, an Ac-  
neas that falsified his faith to Dido, a Thesus that forsooke his  
Ariadne: yet measure not al by some mens mindes: of a few par-  
ticular instances, conclude not generall axiomes: though some  
haue bin flenting, thinke not al to be false: try me, I referre your  
passions to my prouoe, & as you finde me loyal, so reward mee  
with loue. I crave no authentical grant, but a superficial fauor,

say( Mirimida)that Radagon shall be welcome if he be faithful, & then my hope shall comfort my hart. In which suspence I rest confus'd at the barre of your curtesie. Farewell.

*Mirimidaes Radagon, though she will not  
be Radagons Mirimida.*

This she read ouer twise and blusht at it, as feeling a little heat, but straight she sighed, & shakt it from her heart, and had laid it by, but that turning ouer the next page, she espied certain verles, which was a Canzon pend thus.

*Radagon in Dianam.*

*Non iug a Tuarus amat: que tamen odit habet.*

It was a valley gawdy greene,  
Where *Dian* at the fount was seene:

Greene it was,

And did pasle

All other of *Dianas* Bowers,  
In the pride of *Floraes* flowers,  
A fount it was that no Sunne sees,  
Circled in with *Cypres* trees,

Set so ne,

As *Phaebus* eye

Could not do the Virgine scathe,  
To see them naked when they bathe.  
She sate there all in white,  
Colour fitting her delight.

Virgins so

Ought to goe,

For white in Armorie is plac't:  
To be the colour that is chaff.  
Her taffata Cassocke might you see,  
Tucked vp aboue her knee,

Which all did show

There below

Legs as white as Whales bone,  
So white and chaff was never none.

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Hard by her vpon the ground,  
Sate her Virgins in a round,  
Bathing their  
Golden haire,  
And singing all in notes hie,  
Fie one *Venus* flattering eie.

Fie on Loue, it is a toy,  
*Cupid* witleffe, and a boy.

All her fires  
And deffres  
Are plagues, that God sent from on hie,  
To pester men with misery.  
As thus the Virgins did disdaine,  
Louers ioy, and Louers paine;

*Cupid* nie  
Did espie  
Grieuing at *Dianae* song,  
Slyly stole these maidis among.  
His bow of steele, darts of fire,  
He shot amongst them sweet desire,  
Which straight flies  
In their eies,

And at the entrance made them start,  
For it ran from eye to heart.

*Calisto* straight supposed *Loue*,  
Was faire and frolicker for to loue.

*Dian* she  
Scapt not free,  
For well I wot hereupon  
She lou'd the swaine *Endymion*.

*Clitia*, *Phæbus*, and *Cloris* eye,  
Thought none so faire as *Mercurie*.

*Venus* thus  
Did discusse,  
By her sonne in darts of fire,  
None so chaste to checke desire,  
*Dian* rose with all her maides,  
Blushing thus at loues braids,

With—

With lighes all  
Shew their thrall,  
And flinging hence pronounce this Saw,  
What so strong as Loues sweet law?

Mirimida hauing read the letter of Radagon, perceiued that loue was in his eyes, and perhaps had silly toucht his hart: but she that was chary of her choyce , and resolute not to fetter her selfe with fancy , did passe ouer these passions, as men doe the shadowes of a Vainters pensell, which while they view , they praise, & when they haue praised , passe ouer without any more rememburance: yet shee could not but enter into the humorous reach of his conceit, how hee checkt the coy disdaine of women in his Sonet: she blusht, & her thoughts went away with her bloud, and so she lighted on the letter that Mullidor had sent her, which drove her into a pleasant vaines. The effects of his passions were these.

*Mullidor the male content, with his pen clapt full  
of loue, to his Mistris Mirimida  
greeting.*

**A**fter my hearty commendations remembred, hoping you be in as good health, as I was at the making hereof. This is to certifie you, that loue may well be compared to a bottle of hay, which once set on fire, will neuer bee quenched: so to a cup ful of strong ale, which when a man hath once tasted , he neuer leaues till hee hath drunke it all vp: so Mistris Mirimida, after the furious flames of your eyes had set my poore heart vpon the coales of loue , I was so scorched on the gridiron of affection, that I had no rest til I was almost turned to a coale, and after I had tasted of the liquor of your sweet phisicarie, I neuer left supping of your amiable countenance, till with loue I was almost ready to burst. Consider with your self faire Shepheardise, that poore men feele paine aswell as Princes: that Mullidor is sicke of such a malady, as by no meanes may bee cured , unlesse your selfe lay a sear-cloth to draw away my sorowes : then be pitti-full to me lest you be counted disdainful, to put so trusty a louer out

out of his right wits ; for theres no hor, but either I must haue you, or else for very plaine loue run mad. It may be ( Mirimida ) you thinke me too base for your beautis : why, when you haue married me, I am content to serue you as a man , and to doe all those indeauours that belongs to a seruant , and rather to hold you for my Mistris , then my wife : then seeing you shall haue the soueraignty at my hands, which is a thing that al women desire, loue me sweet Mirimida, & think this, if you match with me, olde Calena my mother hath that in a clout , that wil do vs both god. Thus hoping you wil ponder my passions in your minde, and be more curteous then to cast away a yong man for loue. Farewel.

Yours halfe mad, because he would be  
yours, Mullidor the malcontent.

Such a poeticall fury take Mullidor in the braines , that hee thought to shew his vaine in verse , and therefore annexed to his letter this pleasant Ditty.

*Mullidors Madrigall.*

Dildido, dildido,

Oh loue, oh loue,

I feele thy rage rumble below and aboue.

In sommer time I saw a face,

Trop belle pour moy helas helas;

Like to a ston'd horle was her pace:

Was euer young man so dismayd?

Her eyes like waxe torches did make me afraid

Trop belle pour moy, voila mon trespass.

Thy beauty ( my loue ) exceedeth supposes,

Thy haire is a nettle for the nicest roses,

Mon dieu aide moy

That I with the Primrose of my fresh wit,

May tumble her tyranny ynder my feete,

He donc que ie sera un autre roy.

Trop belle pour moy helas helas,

Trop belle pour moy, voila mon trespass.

Q

Mirimida

Mirimida hauing read this humorous fancy of Mullidor, Begard thus to meditate with her self. Lissen not sond wench unto loue, for if thou dost, i thou learnest to loose, thou shalt find greefe to bee thy gaines, and folly the pay-mistris that rewards all amorous trauels. If thou wed thy selfe to Radagon, thau artnest beyond thy reach: and looking higher then thy fortunes, thou wilt repent thy desires, for Mirimida, affects beyond compasse, haue oftentimes ill effects, rich roabes haue note uersweet consent, & therfore the meane is the merriest honour. What then, must Eurymachus of all these thise be the man that must make vp the match: he is a Shepheard and harbours quiet in his cottages, his wishes are not aboue his wealth, nor doth his conceite climbe higher then his desarts. He hath sufficient to shrowd the from want, & to main-taine the state of an honest life. Shephearde wrong not their wifes with suspition, nor do Country Swaines esteem lese of their lones then higher degrées. But Mirimida, meane men haue frownes as well as Kings: the least haire hath his shadow, the Fly her spleene, the Ant her gall, and the poorest Peasant his choler. Peasants can wéld a cudgel better then a great Lord, and dissention will haue a sling amongst the meanest. If therfore mariage must haue her inconuenience, better golden giues then vron fettters. What sayest thou then to Mullidor: that he is Mullidor, and let that suffice to shake him off as a sole: for it were thy discredit to haue only a Wedcork to keep the Wolf from the doze. Why then meanest thou not to loue: No sond lasse, if thou bee wife: for what is sweeter then liberty? And what burthen heavier then the fist of a froward husband. Amongst many Scorpi-ons thou lokest for one Cele: amongst a hedge full of nettles for one flower: amongst a thousand flatterers for one that is faithfull: and yet when thou hast him, thy thoughts are at his wil, and thy actions are limited to his humors. Beware Mirimida, strike not at a stale, because it is painted, though honey be sweet, Bees haue stings: there is no sweeter life then is chalchy; for in that estate thou shalt liue commended and vncontrolld.

Upon this shes put vp the letters, and because she would not leade her Louers into a Labyrinth of hope. Shee appoynted them al to meet her at the Sheepsfolds on one day & at one houre, where the Wooers that stood upon thornes to haere their censure, met without

without faile : After salutes past betwene Mirimida and them  
she began to parly with them thus.

Gentlemen, all rivals in loue & aimers at one fortune, though  
you thrē affect like desire to haue Mirimidaes fauer, yet but one  
of you can weare the flower, & perhaps none: for it is as my fan-  
cy censures: therfore, are you content that I shal set down which  
of you, or whether none of you shall enjoy the end of your futes;  
& who so is forsaken, to part hence with patience, & never more  
to talke of his passions? To this they all agreed, & she made this  
answer. Why then Radagon and Eurymachus, weare you the  
willow Garland, not that I hold either your degrees or deserts  
worthlesse of a fairer then Mirimida: but that the destinies do so  
appoint to my desires, that your affects cannot worke in me any  
effects. At this Radagon and Eurymachus scowred, not so much  
that they were forsaken, but that so beautiful a Creature would  
wed her selfe to such a deformed asse as Mullidor: and the sole, he  
simpered it in hope to haue the wench. Now (quoth she) Mullidor  
may hope to be the man: but trust me, as I found him I leaue  
him, a dolt in his loues, and a foole in his fortunes. At this they  
laught, and he hung the head, and she left them all.

Radagon taking his Hawke to flie at the partridge: Eurymachus  
marching with his sheepooke to the folds Mullidor hying home  
to his mother to recount his mishaps, & Mirimida singing that  
there was no Goddess to Diana, no life to liberty, nor no loue to  
chastity.

Francesco, Isabell, and all the rest of the guests applauded this  
discourse of the pleasant host, and for that it was late in the night  
they all rose, and taking their leane of Francesco, departed; he and  
his wife, bidding their Host god night, and so going to bed, wher  
we leaue them to leade the rest of their liues in quiet.

Thus (quoth the Palmer) you haue heard the discouery of  
youths follies, and a true discourse of a Gentlemanes fortunes.  
But now courteous Palmer (quoth the Gentleman) it resses  
that we craue, by your owne promise, the reason of your pilgri-  
mage to Venice. That (quoth the Palmer) is discouert in a word:  
for know sir that inioyning my selfe to penance for the follies of  
my youths passions, hauing liued in loue, and therefore reapt al  
my losse by loue: hearing that of all the Citties in Europe, Venice

hath inost semblante of Venus vanities; I goe thither, not only to see fashions, but to quip at follies, that I may draw others from that harme that hath brought me to this hazard.

The gentlewomen of Venice your neighbors, but unknowne to mee, haue more fauours in their faces, than vertue in their thoughts: & their beauties are more curious then their qualities be precious, caring more to be figured out with Helen, then to be famoused with Lucrece: they striue to make their faces gorgeous, but never seeke to fitte their minds to their God, and couet to haue more knowledge in loue than in religion: their eyes bewray their wantonnesse, not their modesty: and their loikes are lures that reclaime not Hawkes, but make them only baite at dead stales. As the Gentlewomen, so are the men, loose liuers, straight louers, such as hold ther consciences in their purses, and their thoughts in their eyes, counting that houre ill spent that in fancy is not mispent. Because therefore this great City of Venice is holden Loues Paradiſe, thither do I direct my Pilgrimage, that seeing their passions, I may, being a Palmer, winne them to penance, by shewing the miseries that Venus mireth with their momentary contents: if not, yet I ſhal carry home to my countreymen ſalves to cure their ſores: I ſhall ſee much, heare little, & by the iſight into others mens extremes, returne moze wary, meaning then to visite you and make you pray to all.

The hēdful Host having iudiciallyl understood the pittifull report of the Palmer giuing truce to his passions, with the teares he ſpent, and resolued to requite that thakfullly whiche he had attended hēdfully, gaue this Cataſtrophe to his ſad and ſorrowfull diſcourse. Palmer, thou haſt with the Kitrell foreshewed the ſtorme ere it comes, painting out the ſhaſes of loue as lively as the grapes in Zeuxis tabels were pourtrayed cunningly: thou haſt lent youth Eagles eyes to behold the Sun: Achilles ſword to cut and recure, leaning thoſe medicines to ſalve others, that hath loſt thy ſelſe, and haſting burnt thy wings with the fire, by dallying too long with the fire: thou haſt bequeathed others a leſſon with the Unicorne, to preuent poſon by preſerues, before they taste with the lip. The only reuеſt I make in requitall of my attention, is, that thou leauē certaine testimonies on these wals, whereon whensoeuer I looke, I ſhall remember Francescoes

## The second part.

Francescoes follies, and thy foresight.

The Palmer esteeming the courteous reply of his host, and desirous to satisfie his request, drawing blood from the baine Cephalia, (on an arch of white Ivory, erected at the end of an Arbor, adorned with Honeysuckles and Roses) he wrot thus with a pen-sell.

In greener yeares when as my greedy thoughts  
Gan yeld their homage to ambitious will,  
My feeble wit that then preuailed noughts,  
Perforce presented homage to his ill.

And I in follies bondes fulfilld with crime,  
At last vnloosed, thus spide my losse of time.

As in his circular and ceaslesse ioy,  
The yeare begins, and in it selferetnnes,  
Refreshit by presence of the eye of day,  
That sometimes nye, and sometimes farre soiu rns,  
So loue in me (conspiring my decay)  
With endlesse fire my heedlesse bosome burnes;

And from the end of my aspiring sinne;  
My paths of error hourly doth begin.

### Aries.

When in the Ram the Sun renewes his beames,  
Beholding mournfull earth arraid in greefe,  
That waites releefe from his refreshing gleameſ;  
The tender flockes rejoicing their ſeleete,  
Doe leape for ioy, and lap the ſiluer ſtreames.  
So at my prime when youth in me was chiefe,  
Ali Heifer-like with wanton horne I playd,  
And by my will, my wit to loue betrayde,

### Taurus.

When Phabus with Europaes bearer bides,  
The ſpring appeares, impatiēt of delaies,  
The labourer to the fields his plow-swaines guides,  
He ſowes, he plants, he buildes at all affaies  
When prime of yeares that many errors hides,  
By fancies force did trace vngodly wayes,  
I blindfold walkt, disdaining to behold,  
That life doth vade, and young men muſt be old.

Gemini,

When in the hold whereas the twinnes doe rest,  
Proud Phlegon breathing fire doth last amaine  
The trees with leaues, the earth with flowers is drest:  
When I in pride of yeares and peeuiish braine  
Presum'd too farre, and made fond loue my guest,  
With frostes of care my flowers were nipt amaine.

In height of weale who beares a careless hart,  
Repents too late his ouer foolish part.

Cancer.

When in Aestiuall Cancers gloomy bower  
The greater glory of the heauens doth shine,  
The ayre is calme, the birds at every stower,  
To tempt the heauens with harmomy diuine.  
When I was first iatrall to Cupids power,  
In vaine I spent the May month of my time,  
Singing for ioy to see my captiue thrall  
To him, whose gaines are griefe, whose cōfort smal.

Leo.

When in the height of his Meridian walke,  
The Lyons hold containes the eye of day,  
The rypling corne growes yellow in the stalke,  
When strenght of yeares did bleſſe me euery way,  
Maskt with delights of folly was my talke.  
Youth ripened all my thoughts to my decay:  
In lust I sowed, my fruite was losſe of time,  
My hopes are proud, and yet my body slime.

Virgo.

When in the Virgins lap earths comfort sleeps,  
Bating the furie of his burning eyes,  
Both corne and fruits are firmd, and comfort creepes  
On euery plant and flowre that springing rise,  
When age at last his chiefe dominion keepes,  
And leades me on to ſee my vanities,  
What loue and scant foresight did make me ſowe  
In youthfull yeeres, is ripened now in woe.

Libra;

The second part.

*Libra.*

When in the ballance *Daphnes* Lemman blins,  
The Plough-man gathereth fruite for passed paine,  
When I at last considered of my sinnes,  
And thought vpon my youth and follies vaine,  
I cast my count, and reason now begins  
To guide mine eies with iudgement, bought with paine:  
Whiche weeping wish a better way to finde,  
Or els for euer to the world be blinde.

*Scorpio.*

When with the Scorpion proud *Apollo* playes,  
The wines are trode and carried to their presse,  
The woods are feld gainst winters sharpe affaires.  
When grauer yeares my iudgement did addresse,  
I gan repaire my ruines and decaies,  
Exchanging will to wit and footfastnesse:

Claiming from Time and Age no good but this,  
To see my siane, and sorrow for my misse.

*Sagittarius.*

When as the Archer in his winter hold,  
The *Delian* Harper tunes his wonted loue,  
The ploughman sowes and tilles his laboured mold:  
When with aduise and iudgement I approue,  
How loue in youth hath greefe for gladnesse sold,  
The seedes of shame I from my hart remoue,  
And in their steads I set downe plants of grace,  
And with repent, bewaile my youthfull race.

*Capricornus.*

When he that in *Eurotas* siluer glide  
Doth baine his tresples, beholdeth *Capricorne*,  
The day growes short; then hasties the winters tide,  
The sun with sparing lights doth seeme to mourne  
Gray in the greene, the flowers their beauty hide:  
When as I see that I to death was borne,

My strength deaid, my graue already drest,  
I count my life my losse, my death my best.

*Aquarius.*

*Aquarius*

When with *Aquarius Phæbes* brother staies,  
Cold frost and snowes the pide of earth betayes:  
VVhen age my head with hoarie haires doth fill,  
Reasonis to downe, and bids me count my daies,  
And pray for peace, and blame my foward will.

In depth of greefe in this distresse I cry

*Peccavi, Domine miserere mei.*

*Pisces.*

VVhen in the Fishes mansion *Phæbus* dwels,  
The dayes renew, the earth regaines his rest:  
VVhen old in yeares my want my death fore tels  
My thoughts & praiers to heauen are wheradrest.  
Repentance, youth by folly quite expels:  
I long to be dissolved for my best:

That young in zeale, long beaten with my rod,  
I may grow old to wisedome, and to God.

The Palmer had no sooner finished his circle, but the Host ouer-read his conceit, and wondring at the excellency of his wit, from his experience began to sucke much wisodome, & being verie loath to detain his guest too long: after they had broken their fast, and the good man of the house curteously had giuen him thanks for his fauour, the Palmer set forward towards Venice: what there he did, or how he liued, when I am aduertised (good Gentlemen) I will send you tidings. Meane while, let euerie one learne (by Francescos fall) to beware, lest at last (too late) they be inforced to bewaile.

*Finis.*



